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CHRONICLE.

Home Politics.

A rather interesting Agricultural Congress was held at the end of last week, under the presidency of Mr. CHAPLIN, at Ely, where that abandoned being, the Conservative labourer, at whom our Radical friends will doubtless laugh, as they laughed at the Conservative working-man till 1874 sent the laugh to the wrong side of the mouth, made known his wants and opinions, not without edification.—Lord GEORGE HAMILTON spoke at Liverpool on Monday, and at Manchester on Tuesday.—But the speech of the week was Lord SALISBURY's at Exeter on Tuesday. This was delivered to a very large audience in very good spirits. The PRIME MINISTER did not say very much on foreign politics, but made the expected and graceful reference to England's recent loss, poured cold water in the most cold-blooded manner on South Molton and Rossendale, expressed himself in favour of Peasant Proprietors, if they can be set a-going, nailed the Unionist colours to the mast, and most unkindly pointed out, in reference to some recent criticisms of possible action by the House of Lords, that until that institution is put an end to it has, like other institutions, to do its duty.—Lord SALISBURY's speech naturally produced a crop of Gladstonian "answers," the earliest of which were delivered by Mr. FOWLER at Plymouth and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL at Hackney, on Wednesday. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH spoke at Bristol on the same day, and contended that the extension of local government in Ireland was "logically" necessary. We think nobly of Logic, and boast ourselves to know something about it; and we can assure Sir MICHAEL that the Art of Arts and Science of Sciences nowhere in the very least countenances the handing over of your purse to cut-purses and your throat to cut-throats (*vide* letters from County Clare this very week).

Yesterday week the Austrian miscreants SCHNEIDER and his wife were sentenced to death, and it certainly does not appear that for a long time a worthier pair have ornamented gallows, guillotine, or garotte.—Other matters of foreign news on Saturday last were chiefly continuations of old topics, the rather useless inquiry as to the times and seasons of President HARRISON's hanging up his boots, and of the arrival of the Chilean despatch very politely denying all designs on those sacred vestments beforehand, being busily prosecuted.—On this day week the Portuguese Ministry took the bull by the horns and made a detailed statement of the condition of the national finances and the measures proposed to relieve it. The first was bad enough, and the latter drastic enough. Speaking roughly, the state of Portugal is this—that, independently of her regular debt, she has a floating indebtedness of some five millions, and is or was increasing it by nearly half that sum yearly. This it is proposed to meet by an all-round reduction of salaries, an increase of taxation, and some dealings with the debt proper. Unfortunately mere retrenchment, though a good thing, is in such cases rarely sufficient.—Very gloomy anticipations were published, by Frenchmen themselves, as to the effect of the new commercial tariffs on French prosperity, while pessimists also had their say on the attachment between France and Russia, which seems to be entering the *June rousse* very fast.—H.M.S. *Victoria*, the Mediterranean flagship, had gone ashore off the west coast of Greece, and the Franco-Egyptian papers were, with amusing impudence, taking to themselves the credit of the recent reductions in Egyptian taxation. The poor charts, as usual, bear the blame of the *Victoria's* mishap, it being said that the hydrographers did not anticipate such big ships. We thought that the hydrographers marked things in fathoms, and that the draught of ships, whether big or little, was

known; but this may be rationalism. The ship had not been got off at the time of writing; but it was hoped that, if the wind called Euroclydon would kindly not blow, it might still be done.—The International Sanitary Conference at Venice on the quarantine management of the Suez Canal had, owing to French influence, come to conclusions disagreeable to this country.—At the opening of the week Zanzibar was declared a free port, Mr. GERALD PORTAL, HER MAJESTY's representative, presiding on the occasion.—It appeared that the rising in Pahang had been suppressed, and that the policy pursued by the Governor of the Straits Settlements in not calling in British troops, which had looked for a time a little dubious, had been thoroughly justified.—The CHADOURNE incident terminated, to whose honour and to whose dishonour it is unnecessary to say; and more awkward facts or fancies were transmitted about a transaction in some respects resembling it on the other side of the world, between Washington and Santiago.—M. HÜBENET, the Russian Minister of Ways and Communications, has resigned, and the *quidnuncs* have been busy with him. Meanwhile some extremely unpleasant revelations as to the tyranny of non-commissioned officers in the German army had been published, on no less authority than that of Prince GEORGE of Saxony, as well as rumours of transactions in port wine (on a scale suggesting fresh operations on the Red Sea) in connexion with Portuguese difficulties. What is certain is that the Douro has never produced more wine, or better wine, than of late years. But you can't hurry port, and, in the present degenerate condition of British taste, we do not quite know what any single purchaser is going to do with fifteen thousand pipes of it in one batch.—The foreign news of the middle of the week was extremely uninteresting in character and very small in amount; but towards the end it was said that the French, with characteristic incapacity to let ill alone, are trying to play more CHADOURNE cards.

The Law Courts.

A considerable number of cases affecting newspapers have been before the Courts this week. The case of MORRIS v. BRINSMEAD, in which the late Mr. CARLYLE would have taken considerable interest about the time that he wrote the *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, terminated in a verdict for the plaintiff (an advertising agent), damages 15*ol.*—Baron von BISSING, a German officer, recovered five pounds and costs from a London evening paper for libel, and the very curious history of Mr. STOREY, M.P., and the colliery evictions entered a new chapter in the shape of a suit by Mr. STOREY against the *Sunderland Post*.

The Newman Statue.

A letter was published this day week from Mr. F. T. PALGRAVE on "Oxford Iconoclasm," which was discovered, with some difficulty, to mean the opposition to the NEWMAN statue. Mr. PALGRAVE's own attitude towards the proposal appeared to be extremely mixed, and the problem how to break an image which has not yet been set up nor, as far as is known, fashioned is a very craggy one. The letter itself drew, of course, counter-fires from Canon INCE and others, and the whole controversy blazed up more fiercely than ever on Monday morning. After all, could not a very simple consideration settle the matter? Unless we mistake, there are at present no outdoor (in the sense of "street" or "public place") statues to University worthies either in Oxford or in Cambridge. Why begin a custom the results of which have never yet been satisfactory in this climate? And why begin it with NEWMAN? On Tuesday Mr. PALGRAVE unpromised and disavowed the last shred of his support to the NEWMAN statue, which seems to have from the first been provocative of misunderstandings. For Mr. LILLY, its secretary (if a statue other than that of the Commander could have a secretary), wrote to say that it had been specially devised to soothe

and please members of the Church of England—a result certainly not attained. On Wednesday a meeting of the Oxford Town Council, while agreeing that the Broad Street site would not do, carried the provision of another by a large majority. “Why this extraordinary zeal for ‘NEWMAN?’ innocent folk may ask, and wicked ones will hint that the City Fathers of that ancient town do not so greatly love the Cardinal as they fail to love the University, which, as a whole, dislikes the scheme. Alderman BUCKELL, the Radical chief, dragged in the name of WESLEY, which argues in this Gladstonian leader a truly Gladstonian amount of ignorance.

Most of the letters of the week have been on Correspondence. old subjects. Lord SHAND contributed the experience of an able Scotch lawyer to the discussion of the English legal system, and Lord GRIMTHORPE soothed the pains of influenza by recording his opinion that Lord CAIRNS, who did not approve of his scheme for rendering double commissions criminal, was a much worse lawyer than Sir JOHN HOLKER, who did.

The Salvationist rowdies at Eastbourne re-Miscellaneous. newed their provocation as usual on Sunday, and were roughly handled, not one-tenth part as roughly as they deserved in morality, but, of course, too roughly for law. The chief thing to be regretted in this matter is, that the rough handling falls on the fools who obey, and not on the rascals who command.—Very nasty weather prevailed in the early part of the week round the greater part of the English coast; the chief results in the way of disaster to shipping being that the *Eider*, one of the large North-German Lloyd boats, on her way to Southampton, lost it in a fog, running on the Atherfield Ledges off Blackgang Chine, and that the *Prince Baudouin*, one of the Belgian mail packets, fouled Dover Pier. The loss of the *Eider* has caused the usual battle of flash-lights and foghorns.—The moribund London County Council amused itself on Tuesday by passing terrible resolutions about the iniquity of the present system of rating. Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE, by the way, has drawn timely attention to the unanimity of the “Progressives” in demanding payment for County Councillors. “You put some money into our pockets, and ‘we’ll take it and more out of the landlords for you,” in short, though Mr. MAPLE was not unkind enough to put it thus. And, no doubt, one good turn *does* deserve another.—A very good appointment has been made in the promotion of Mr. WALLIS BUDGE to the head-keepship of the Egyptian and Assyrian collections in the British Museum. Mr. BUDGE (*seu* “Dr.” *libentius audit*; for ourselves, we prefer to keep, in common speech, the old limitation of the doctorate to Law, Physic, and Divinity) is inferior to no man living in qualifications for the post.—Mr. DU MAURIER lectured very pleasantly, and with a success which is an agreeable reply to the gloomy reports about his health, on Pictorial Satire, on Wednesday; on which day a young electrician, Mr. TESLA, addressed an audience at the Royal Institution, with the result of demonstrating, among other interesting and new matter, that “a drawing-room may be converted into an electro-static field.”—On Friday morning it was reported that Mrs. OSBORNE had reached England and surrendered; that Dr. RANDALL of Clifton has been appointed to the Deanery of Chichester; and that an alarming outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease had occurred at Islington.

The second match between Lord SHEFFIELD’S Sport. team and Combined Australia went, like the first, against the visitors, Australia winning, after an up-and-down match, by 72 runs.

Sir GEORGE PAGET, Regius Professor of Physics Obituary. at Cambridge, was perhaps the most distinguished of that too small band of scholar-physicians who have recently kept up the connexion, once so strong, between the old Universities and the art of healing. His residence out of London alone made him less known as a physician than his brother Sir JAMES as a surgeon.—Mr. HARDWICK had done a great deal of architecture, especially of the domestic kind.—Mr. COLIN LINDSAY, in his earlier life as a member of the Church of England, had been a good deal before the public, but had been less prominent since his secession more than twenty years since to Rome.—In Mr. C. W. REYNELL, the very last, we think, of the actual circle of LAMB, HAZLITT, LEIGH HUNT, and the first “Cockney school” disappeared.—Dr. ZERFFI was an industrious lecturer on scientific and historical

subjects; M. RANGABE, a Greek man of letters and politician of great age and of the first eminence in his own country. Admiral HAY, one of the oldest officers of the navy, and one who had seen service at Algiers seventy-five years ago and even earlier. Admiral BAILLIE HAMILTON, though of a younger generation, had all but completed sixty years of service, some of which, in the Crimea, was of much merit and importance.—Of Mr. SPURGEON we speak elsewhere.—Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN, Chief Commissioner for Beloochistan, was one of the best-known and most efficient of political Indian servants. In earlier days he had served and been wounded at the siege of Lucknow. Sir THOMAS PYCROFT was also an Indian official of still older standing and of valuable, though less conspicuous, service, as was also Sir CHARLES WINGFIELD.—Mr. TILLET (not “BEN”) was a politician very well known at Norwich, which he had contested six times as a Liberal with a very chequered result of successes and defeats, both in the actual contests and in the petitions once merrily frequent in that city.—Sir HERBERT SANDFORD, after having, in the earlier part of his life, served in the Bombay Artillery, was, for the last five and twenty years of it, most connected with various international exhibitions.—Sir JOHN EARDLEY WILMOT was a good scholar, a lawyer of experience, at the Bar and on the Bench, and for a time a member of Parliament. In this latter capacity Colonel WINDSOR PARKER had also served his country, besides having entered the Indian army more than seventy years ago, and served (side by side with Colonel NEWCOME, of the Bengal Cavalry) at the siege of Bhurtপুর.—Sir MORELL MACKENZIE’S name was the centre of a hubbub too recent to need more than the barest reference to it. In a position of almost unexampled difficulty, he may not have conducted himself with perfect judgment, but his skill was undeniably great, and he had many warm friends. Nor in the great crisis of the Emperor FREDERICK’S illness could any mistake of his own have possibly equalled the misdemeanours (for which “infamous” is not too strong a word) to which professional and national jealousy urged his German critics.—It is almost impossible to exaggerate the regret with which the news of the death of Mr. J. K. STEPHEN will be received by his friends—which word includes almost every one of the large number of persons to whom he was known. He has left but slender memorials in any permanent form of the abilities which gained him one of the highest school and college reputations enjoyed by any man of his time; and the malady which carried him off had of late years perhaps abridged the possibility of his leaving any. But *Lapsus Calami* and some other things may give those who did not know him a slight idea of the powers which, as well as his singularly agreeable personality, all those who did know him will acknowledge without stint and remember without ceasing.—Dr. HANNA was a very well-known Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland; Mr. HOWARD LIVESEY an able and characteristic Lancastrian; Mr. WENMAN an actor of much experience and sound traditions; Mr. C. J. LEWIS an agreeable painter, especially in water-colours; Professor TEN BRINK one of the best English scholars on the Continent.

It was our good fortune, many years ago, that Books, &c. the component parts of Sir JAMES STEPHEN’S *Horæ Sabbaticæ*, the first volume of which has been published (MACMILLAN), first appeared in these pages. But good fortune generally brings some compensating inconvenience; and it is our ill-fortune now that the fact precludes regular review of the book here. For the praise which we must have given would hardly be becoming. But it may be safely left for readers to supply.

LORD SALISBURY’S SPEECH.

IT should be a wholesome rebuke to the impatience of a certain class of Lord SALISBURY’S followers to note the disconcerting effect which their leader’s recent speech at Exeter has produced upon his adversaries. The idea which prevails among this section of the Unionist party is, that it is worse than useless to attempt to combat the Gladstonian propaganda among the working-class voters, especially in the rural districts, except by offering them some sort of legislative programme which competes in point of attractiveness with that put forward by the Radical stump-orator. Judged by any such test as this, the PRIME MINISTER’S expositions of policy last Tuesday night would have been far from satisfactory. The scheme of contemplated legislation

which he sketched out will not compare in grandeur of outline with that of his opponents; his list of practicable reforms looks modest to the point of humility by the side of the Newcastle Programme. The measures which he thinks it possible for the Legislature to undertake for the "improvement of the lot" of everybody are but few in number, and the language in which the PRIME MINISTER describes the results to be expected from them can hardly be said to glow with enthusiasm. Even the one project to which the Government are understood to be devoting their principal attention at the present moment—the creation of small holdings—will do nothing, Lord SALISBURY frankly admits, to "better the position of the poorest classes of the community." It presupposes, as he says, the possession of a certain amount of money for a man to undertake a small holding; and the advantages which he anticipates from the attempt to increase the number of petty proprietors in this country are likely, he holds, to be of a political rather than of a social character. Again, while favourably disposed in the abstract to the attempt to devise some system of old-age pensions, Lord SALISBURY showed himself keenly alive to the economical dangers of the project, and may have been thought to have insisted somewhat more upon its drawbacks than upon its merits. It must facilitate, and be confined to facilitating, thrift, and—which is a hard saying when we consider the one invariable feature of all such schemes—it must not go beyond that line, and involve "presents of public money."

The Tory of that uneasy variety which is always hankering to beat the last bid of the Radical has very likely read the speech with a gloomy foreboding of the triumph with which it would be read by his adversaries. He has probably derived little pleasure from the critical passages in it, in his disappointment at what he would call—or, at least, what he expected to be—its "constructive" portions; and its trenchant satire on the rural programme of the Gladstonians has, no doubt, seemed naught to him in the absence of any adequate, or what he would consider an adequate, alternative to the policy thus mercilessly exposed. In all probability he expected to find the Gladstonians contemptuous of the exposure, and noisily exultant at the non-production of any competing policy; but, if so, their comments on Lord SALISBURY's speech must have been an agreeable surprise to him. The truth is—and it may now be hoped that Unionists in general will lay that all-important truth to heart—that the Radical friends of the labourer are a vast deal more afraid of criticism than of competition. They have already laid their account with the only form of competition which they know awaits them—that, namely, which is represented by the legislation promised for the coming Session on the subject of small holdings. It is far from improbable that many of the shrewder heads among them regret the undoubted mistake of tactics which was committed when the Government and the Unionist party were allowed to make this question their own. There is no reason in the nature of things, they may think (though, indeed, there is a reason, if they knew it, in their own natures), why "popular measures" should always be distributed on the principle of allotting the sponsorship of those which are genuine to Conservatives, and that of the impostures to the Radicals. Some of the latter party, we say, may be unable to see why they should not have taken up the policy of promoting peasant-proprietorship for the benefit of that comparatively limited class of the peasantry who alone, as Lord SALISBURY admits, can derive benefit from it, and at the same time have supplemented this solid policy with all those shams which are now being so industriously exploited for the capture of the great mass of the rural population. Still this combination was not, in fact, ever effected; the Unionists have the disposal of the one real, if limited, "boon" which it is possible to bestow upon the agricultural classes; and it remains only for the Radicals to spare no efforts for the successful passing off of their own counterfeit coin of legislation as good money. And, great as is their faith in the simplicity and inexperience of those upon whom they are endeavouring to pass it off, they cannot help being visited sometimes by one of those cold fits which we may suppose to overtake occasionally even the most seasoned of "smashers" as he starts for a round of visits to the shops of tradesmen with a pocket full of flash money.

It is evident that the Gladstonians are being severely shaken just at present by one of these transitory tremors. They have very little to say about the lack of competitive promises to the rural labourer in Lord SALISBURY's speech; while they are extremely angry and plainly alarmed by his

criticisms of their own programme. They have no spirits to rejoice over the absence of the "constructive" in his remarks; the destructive element in it is too painfully conspicuous. One has heard scarcely any gibes at the PRIME MINISTER's reserves and qualifications in describing the merits and attempting to forecast the results of Unionist policy with respect to the land and the labourer; the attention of the Radical has been too much engrossed in the attack upon his own policy in the same matters, and the exposure of its flagrant fraud. How if the labourer, he asks himself, in sudden terror, should not be such a fool as he looks? And then he re-reads Lord SALISBURY's remarks on Parish Councils with an uneasy feeling that, after all, it is not so difficult for HODGE to understand. Then, again, there is that very disagreeable passage in which the PRIME MINISTER comments on the contrast between the utterances of Gladstonians on the platform, where "vigilant representatives of public opinion are likely to record every promise they make," and those which fall from their inferior agents "down in a country parish speaking from a van, with no 'chiel' among them taking notes." The contrast has been commented upon before, of course, but not by any speaker whose words are likely to carry so far as Lord SALISBURY's. Hundreds of thousands of rural labourers will get to know what he has said; and may it not strike too many of them with a quick flash of recollection that the gentleman who promised them all "a bit o' land for 'nothing' *was* speaking from a van; and that the gentleman whom they afterwards went to hear speak in the Corn Exchange of the neighbouring market town seemed much more timid-like somehow than the other? The longer HODGE dwells upon these points of dissimilarity between the speech and bearing of his two Gladstonian friends the more suspicious he is likely to become; and the more closely and frequently, therefore, his attention is directed to this contrast the better.

We would accordingly suggest to those Unionists who are in the habit of lamenting the unambitious character of their own programme that they would be better employed in a steady endeavour to convince the rural voter of the worthlessness of the programme which has been set before him by their adversaries. Hitherto they have been proceeding far too much on the assumption that the agricultural labourer is incapable of testing the value of political promises, and that he will necessarily be caught and led captive by those promises which present the most dazzling appearance to his untrained mind. That is, however, a mere conclusion of despair, which if a man have seriously arrived at, he may as well retire from the political game altogether. It cannot but be—we are bound to assume it to be—the fact that, in matters concerning his everyday life, and familiar to him from his childhood upward, the rustic is capable of distinguishing, or being led to distinguish, between truth and falsehood, and not merely between truth and falsehood *simpliciter*, but between truths with which the rudest country clown has had lifelong opportunities of acquainting himself, and falsehoods told him in many cases by Cockney sharpers, too profoundly ignorant of him and his surroundings to know what is likely to take him in. Surely there ought here to be a hopeful field for the labours of those Unionists who will steadily and patiently devote themselves to the work of following in the wake of the Gladstonian van, and taking in hand the rural audiences which have just received the attention of the occupants of that vehicle.

CABS AND DRIVERS.

THE cab, as every one will admit, is a useful institution. If you are lucky enough to get one when you want it, as in the rainy time, and find it all dry within, from cushions to fuseses, then do you approve the wit of him who styled the hansom the gondola of London. But as you may love your fellow-man and abhor the arduous of a crowd, so it is easy to have too much of the cab in the streets. The condition of the traffic calls for prompt remedy just now. The evil is not new, it is true, but it is assuming hideous proportions, and but scant attention has hitherto been paid to the cab's share in it. It is not merely that cabs impede the circulation of the traffic. This they do very thoroughly. It is true that it may not always so appear to the casual spectator during the height of a crisis, when all kinds of vehicles, light and heavy, are mingled at the meeting of the ways, and nothing is heard

but the grinding of wheels and the conjurations of drivers. These prodigious blocks are generally attributed to the heavy items of the traffic, the sluggish wain and the ponderous waggon or dray. There be some who accuse underground railways, finding no relief of the traffic in them, and thanklessly blaming them for the increase. Others call loudly for a new direct route, or two, of ample breadth and several miles straight. They want to know what is the use of concentrating more and yet more roads on a given point, say, Piccadilly Circus. The result is congestion worse congested. They would have us follow the plan of the Baron in Paris. A deep distress has Haussmannized their souls. But such dreams of fair roads are beyond realization. Another and cheaper remedy has occurred to the delayed and threatened passenger. It is not the lumbering van nor the omnibus that causes the blocks in our streets, though they may appear to the uninstructed gazer chief offenders. The prowling cab that plies for hire, especially the fearless and fearless hansom, is the prime cause. Some time before the acute stage is reached and chaos is established, these empty cabs have been industriously promoting the block along all the adjacent roadways. They may be seen advancing in open order—the only order they ever observe—or they form “schools” of six or more, sailing the narrow channels, until their accumulated forces entirely block the way. The multitude of these empty cabs is simply amazing. On a fine day there may be counted twenty or thirty of them from any point of the route from Charing Cross to Bond Street. The perpetual prowler abounds in Piccadilly and swarms in the “shoppy Strand.” Wherever the road is narrow, and the traffic at its densest, there is the empty cab most redundant. Whence come all these superfluous laggards? We are repeatedly assured by cab-proprietors that theirs is a precarious calling, and one that scarcely pays. The drivers echo the masters. The public are led to infer, however, that there are far too many cabs. Possibly this impression is due to the deficient rank accommodation of which drivers complain. And if, as it may be, there are too few cab-stands, there is little mystery in the extraordinary multiplication of the wandering hansom. And if the insufficiency of cab-stands is now being promoted, as we understand, by reducing their number, we have the certain prospect of the aggravation of the nuisance. We trust that the Chief Commissioner of Police will see that this matter is investigated. Empty cabs in the street are necessary and convenient; but it is hard upon drivers and horses, not to mention the public, that they should swarm everywhere and block the traffic simply for want of standing accommodation.

But the prowling cab is dangerous as well as a nuisance, and of all the tribe the hansom is the worst evil. Both horse and driver enjoy the finest animal spirits. At the slightest prospect of a fare—it matters not how remote or how ghostly—the most languid crawler assumes of a sudden a meteoric life. Charging through the press, the fiery steed and wild-eyed charioteer bear down upon some unconscious passenger. Let him but pause a moment on the curb, preparatory to the daring passage of the road, and from left and right and over the way half a dozen frenzied drivers make for him. He dare not wave stick or umbrella in deprecation, for that were to excite them with fiercer longing. Should the passenger successfully avoid the onslaught on his right, he is liable to be run down by a flying cab whose advance was concealed by the obstructing prowlers. The least slip on the treacherous wood-paving may be fatal, and indeed has proved fatal in many an instance. The record of the slain is sufficiently serious; and if cabs are not always the actual cause of those accidents, they are frequently the original and provocative cause of fatalities in the streets. But the daily cases of hairbreadth escapes and serious shocks to nerves are past all count. They are so common that they are no longer noticed by the authorities as they deserve to be. There is no doubt that the evil is greatly increasing, and it is time that this form of recklessness should be dealt with by the police with the same rigour that is observed in cases of furious driving. The right of pedestrians to the use of the road has been repeatedly upheld in courts of law. It is monstrous that cab-drivers and others should be permitted to occupy that road as if they and only they were entitled to use it to the intimidation of the wayfarer. But to this pass we have come. So notorious is the danger that everybody must have experienced it. Even in a tolerably clear road, if an attempt be made to cross it, the driver of the nearest prowling hansom immediately whips his horse into an agonizing gallop and

goes for the flying passenger. An ignominious retreat to the footway, or an extremely narrow escape from being knocked over, is the common result. These perils cannot be attributed to the want of cab-stands. They should be dealt with by the police, and the too proud course of the hansom must be stayed. If, however, the drivers really require more cab-stands, their wants should be provided for. Then it would be far more easy than it now is to regulate the tactics of drivers who prowl, and to limit the number of them.

MR. SPURGEON.

THERE need be but few difficulties or searchings of heart in speaking of that most famous and influential of Baptist ministers who—sincerely lamented by many who had not the least sympathy with his ecclesiastical position or his style of preaching—passed away, at Mentone, a week ago. The warmest admirers of Mr. SPURGEON, who have spoken with any competence, have frankly admitted the presence in him, especially during his earlier years, of defects of taste and culture which then attracted perhaps disproportionate censure; and those who least liked his Nonconformity, or his freedom of speech, or his narrowness of view, may as frankly bear witness to the honesty, the ability, the energy above all, which marked his character. It was not merely that Mr. SPURGEON's little weaknesses had become familiar, and so tolerable; it was not merely that he had been succeeded as a stone of stumbling by persons infinitely more offensive than he ever was or even seemed to be. The good sides of his character had emerged (as such good sides are wont to do under the testing influences of age and of prosperity) into positive prominence. Had his not inconsiderable tendency to subordinate decency to effect not grown pale in the flare of the torchlight processions of howling dervishes which have since invaded England—had his narrow and maimed beliefs not grown to look solid and Catholic beside the undogmatic Christianity of the modern Nonconformist who wishes to be “in the movement”—his actual merits, when properly understood, would have won him tolerance, if not respect, from competent judges in the long run.

For Mr. SPURGEON (and it was greatly to his credit if his own belief as to his Huguenot origin was correct) was first of all and eminently an Englishman. It would be folly to say that his strongest, or, at any rate, his most prominent and obvious, characteristics exemplified altogether the noblest or most engaging peculiarities of the English character. But it has been asserted by foreigners, and is even believed by some Englishmen not unpatriotic or insane, that there are some very salient and very obvious characteristics of the usual Englishman which are not engaging or exactly noble. The names given to these qualities by blunt critics are vulgarity, illiteracy, intolerance, incapacity to rise above certain narrow and stunted forms of life and thought. He would be a rash panegyrist who would say that Mr. SPURGEON was free from these faults. They were, indeed, to some extent his means and secret of appeal to the very large number of his countrymen who shared them with him. But he had other and nobler means—sometimes the qualities of these defects, sometimes unalloyed by and unconnected with any defects at all. His belief, and that not merely in himself, was intense; his faculty of influencing other men (always for what he thought was good, and very often for what really was good, if not the best) was unsurpassed; his constancy to what once seemed to him true was as immovable as the living rock. It is possible that he was a little ambitious and a little despotic; most people of his type have been so. The rather ungenerous sneer that he did not serve God for nought may have had some justification; but the Church of England, at least, has never held that the labourer is unworthy of his hire. Of scholarship he had nothing; of mere reading not much; of good manners and good taste a rather disquietingly small allowance. But, if not very well bred, he was not in the least ill blooded, and the qualifications which he thus lacked were not in the least required—might, indeed, have been positive drawbacks—in his peculiar fashion of Evangelization. In short, he was one of those men who are not justly to be judged by any save their own standard; and to that standard he answered. His long ill-health had conciliated to him many who had no great liking for him previously, and so had his divers refusals to follow his Nonconformist

brethren in evil-doing. But before these somewhat adventurous aids helped his popularity he had already earned a certain tolerance, if not a certain esteem. For he had always been faithful to one and the same law, whether a right or a wrong one; and he had wrought in accordance with that law to the utmost of his light and might. And whosoever answers to these two requirements, him may men well leave to the Court Above to call up for judgment.

THE PUFF PARAGRAPHICAL.

THE editors of the highest and more respectable newspapers usually prefix the words 'Advertisement' or 'From a Correspondent' to such paragraphs. But "this makes little difference. The panegyric is extracted, and the significant heading omitted. The fulsome eulogy makes its appearance on the cover of all the reviews and magazines, with *Times* or *Globe* affixed, though the editors of the *Times* and the *Globe* have no more to do with it than with Mr. Goss's way of making old rakes young again." So wrote MACAULAY sixty-two years ago. He was referring to books in 1830. He might have been referring to pianos in 1892. The case of MORRIS v. BRINSMEAD is not pleasant reading for those who care for the reputation of commerce or the honour of journalism. Nothing, indeed, was proved against any journalist or any man of business which could be called, in the strict sense of the word, dishonest. People are not bound to believe in a laudatory description of a tradesman's wares because it appears among items of news, and not in a list of advertisements. Still one would rather have cherished the illusion that the two departments were kept distinct, and that the morality of SATAN's invisible world was not lower in 1892 than it had been in 1830. To Mr. BARNARD MORRIS belongs the credit or discredit of showing how the line of demarcation is sometimes ignored, so that what appears to be an independent judgment is really a puff inserted by favour. Some of these announcements are quite harmless. A large proportion of the musical world would be interested in knowing what sort of an instrument PADELEWSKI or any other popular pianist preferred, and it would be ridiculous if a newspaper could not print the maker's name because he was a regular advertiser. But when one passes from matters of fact to matters of opinion, it is something disagreeably like a fraud on the reader to insert praise of wares about which the editor or manager of the paper knows nothing, because the vendor is a good customer, and the proprietors wish to placate him. Not long ago there was published in a famous journal an article descriptive of a large estate about to be sold. Though printed in large type and in the columns devoted to news, the whole composition from beginning to end was neither more nor less than an auctioneer's puff. Such acts are not lofty, and it may be doubted whether in the long run they are successful. They are perfectly obvious to the experienced eyes for which alone they are meant, and they create an impression of dependence not very consistent with prosperity or with a good advertising medium.

The action brought by Mr. MORRIS against Messrs. BRINSMEAD looked on the surface a common and uninteresting one enough. Mr. MORRIS, an Advertising Contractor, sued the well-known manufacturers of pianos for services rendered, expenses incurred, and commission upon sales. The defendants pleaded, in substance, that they had settled with the plaintiff in 1886, and held his receipts for a full discharge of all accounts between them. But when the case came to be tried, the true point of it was not long in emerging. The bill paid was for procuring the insertion of advertisements in the legitimate way. The bill outstanding, for which the jury have awarded 150*l.*, was "in respect of newspaper articles puffing defendants' pianos." It cannot be denied, after the evidence given and the verdict returned, that Mr. MORRIS did what he claimed to have done, and what he was employed to do. As his own counsel put it:—"The plaintiff's arrangement with the defendants was to supply special notices to the press, which appeared to be ordinary news, but which were really nothing more than puffs." We entirely agree with Mr. Justice COLLINS that there is no reason why a veil of secrecy should be thrown over newspapers which lend themselves to this kind of thing. But whether the judge was right in supposing that the conductors of these

organs will be glad of the revelations made is another question altogether. It was not proved or even suggested that, at least with one or two exceptions, anybody connected with any journal took money from Mr. MORRIS. What has come out, and may perhaps astonish the innocent public, is, not that sub-editors or advertising clerks are bribed, nor that articles are inserted for a direct pecuniary consideration, but that laudatory paragraphs are published to reward advertisers, and to preserve the continuance of their favours. One evening paper stooped to print, under the silly heading of "Saturday Symphs," an extravagant eulogy of Mr. JOHN BRINSMEAD, which his son, Mr. EDGAR BRINSMEAD, unkindly described as "a stupid criticism by a man who 'did not understand music,' and 'of no value to the firm.'" Mr. Justice COLLINS commented severely upon the evidence both of the plaintiff and of the defendants. He seemed, indeed, disgusted with the whole case, as well he might be. It is a very seamy and unpleasant side of journalism that was unrolled before his eyes. But the exposure of it, or part of it, is likely to be wholesome. There are many tricks which cease to be useful when they become public property, and among them may perhaps be reckoned the functions which such men as Mr. MORRIS perform for such men as Messrs. BRINSMEAD.

THE PLATFORM.

MR. HENRY JEPHSON had a happy thought when it occurred to him to write the history of the Platform—otherwise of public meetings on political questions—in England (*The Platform: its Rise and Progress*. By HENRY JEPHSON. 2 vols. MACMILLAN & Co. 1892). He has carried out that idea with exhaustive research and industry, and with skill and discretion. Mr. JEPHSON claims to be the first on the field which he has occupied, a position which has its dangers as well as its advantages. "Just as there are special difficulties to be surmounted in constructing a new road in an unexplored country, so there are special difficulties in writing a history of a subject hitherto not treated historically." Mr. JEPHSON has no need, however, to deprecate criticism on this ground. He has cleared a large tract of country; and though his road is occasionally imperfectly defined, and seems to lose itself now and then in the outlying regions, it is as a whole sufficiently well marked out. Any future writer on the same subject must follow his guidance, and use the materials which he has collected, to which he will find little to add. If we have any complaint to make of Mr. JEPHSON, it is that he has been somewhat too copious, and includes in the history of the platform many topics which are but slightly connected with it. He has a habit, too, of expressing in lengthened quotations from others what he might have said better and more concisely in his own person. As the rustic said of Paris, the houses are so tall that you cannot see the city. Mr. JEPHSON's definition of the Platform is very large. He includes in it every speech at a public meeting, the pulpit and courts of justice excepted. The conflicts of CANNING and BROUGHAM during the Liverpool election, the speech of Sir ROBERT PEEL at the Glasgow dinner in his honour, alike fall within Mr. JEPHSON's definition of the Platform. We doubt whether it would not be better to confine the definition of the platform to systematic out-of-door agitation. Election speeches or manifestoes at formal banquets do not, we think, fall within its proper scope. They are not designed to act from without upon the deliberations of Parliament, or, except indirectly, upon the public opinion of the country.

The Platform, in the sense in which it has become a distinct power in the country, controlling the House of Commons, which Mr. JEPHSON improperly calls the Third Estate, is of comparatively recent origin. In its full development it is not twenty years old. It was towards the close of Mr. GLADSTONE's first Administration that Cabinet Ministers constituted themselves "ambulatory tribunes" and "peripatetic agitators," going out, as on a funeral pyre, in what Mr. DISRAELI called a blaze of apology. Their example was followed by their successors. Every considerable town thinks that it has a right to have a member of the Government, of rank proportionate to its numbers and political importance, at its demonstrations, and is slighted when an Under-Secretary of

State is sent down to it in lieu of a Cabinet Minister. The two great political parties now, like WIDDINGTON, fight their battles on their stumps. This is the great distinction between the Platform of the past twenty years and the platform of which Mr. JEPHSON writes the history, from its first beginnings under GEORGE III. till its transformation and enlargement under Mr. GLADSTONE. In its earlier days public meetings were the protests of an unrepresented or disregarded minority against legislative measures or acts of Government of which they disapproved. Mr. JEPHSON, whose language is too often borrowed from the institution of which he seems to make an idol, speaks as if the Platform embodied the voice of the people protesting against the misgovernment of a tyrannic king, an insolent and a selfish oligarchy, and a corrupt House of Commons. Usually it was the protest of a minority of the people, in some cases more enlightened, in others more crudely ignorant, against the general sense of the nation, which the governing powers fairly represented. If the Platform resisted the unconstitutional vote of the House of Commons in the case of WILKES, supported the economic reform of BURKE, and promoted Catholic Emancipation and Free-trade, it lent itself to the GORDON riots, the opposition to vaccination, and the reformation of the Calendar. The Platform, in fact, has always had two voices, each contradicting the other, and of course both cannot be right. It is a telephone or speaking-trumpet, and simply transmits sound. Mr. JEPHSON, though he has occasional reserves, seems to conceive of it as a divine personage, endowed with a will and reason of its own, and delivering oracular wisdom on all the affairs of men. What the class of men were who ministered at the altar of the goddess Platform, BAMFORD has described in a passage which Mr. JEPHSON quotes—men “tramping from place to place, hawking their new fangles, and guzzling, fattening, and replenishing themselves at the expense of the simple and credulous multitude.” Mr. JEPHSON is overridden by the distinction which CHATHAM drew between the collective and the representative body of the people, or, as Fox expressed it, between the Commons in Parliament assembled and the Commons at large, and imagines it greater than it was. From the return of PITT's majority in 1784 to the Free-trade policy of HUSKISSON and the removal of Nonconformist and Catholic disabilities a definite public opinion expressed itself as certainly through the machinery of the unreformed Parliament as it has done through the reformed, and re-reformed, and yet again reformed Parliaments of the last sixty years. If this has been less promptly done, it has been done with less liability to confound gusts of popular caprice with stable and deliberate judgments.

From the WILKES agitation to the Anti-Corn-law League agitation, or, later, to Mr. BRIGHT's Reform agitation, the Platform was never the challenge of a misgoverned majority, but the struggle of a minority to convert itself into a majority. It has had three functions, which Mr. JEPHSON, in part following the definitions of others, describes as the expressive, the didactic or argumentative, and, lastly, the controlling. Public meetings formerly partook of the first character. They simply showed that a certain number of people, gathered together in a particular place, support, or can be got to acquiesce in, a certain project. The Anti-Corn-law agitation was the best type of agitation by discussion. At present we live in the controlling, or coercive, stage of the Platform. The collective Commons is the master of the representative Commons; and the out-of-door speeches of Ministers and ex-Ministers, and other political leaders, are so many attempts to persuade the Platform to coerce Parliament in a particular direction. Mr. BRIGHT's Reform agitation, which had results on which he himself at last came to look with some mistrust, was the last conspicuous occasion on which the Platform was employed against the Government as such. Since then it has been the instrument alike of Government and Opposition, and not, as before, of the enthusiasts of particular reforms. Desirable or not, the change is the inevitable result of the constitutional changes of the last quarter of a century. The appeal now is to the collective, and not to the representative, Commons, and unless the combat is to be given up, the struggle against the revolutionary and anarchic doctrines which have usurped the name of Liberalism must be fought out so. Mr. JEPHSON's treatment of the later development of the Platform is not, perhaps, so satisfactory as his handling of its earlier periods. A third volume would, indeed, be necessary to give a complete account of it. A history of the Caucus and the wire-puller

would be an interesting supplement to Mr. JEPHSON's history of the Platform, and would illustrate the familiar doctrine that the ostensible government of the many may often be the secret government of the few.

MR. PLIMSOLL POPS UP.

THE Labour Commission has afforded Mr. PLIMSOLL such a chance as has not come in his way since he was inspired to make room for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at Derby. It would be in the last degree unreasonable to blame the sailors' friend for taking full advantage of the opening which the State has given him. At his worst, we prefer Mr. PLIMSOLL to the wordy ranters to whom the Commission has listened with indefatigable patience. Though he is among them, he is not exactly of them. He has a case, and he has done good indirectly, rather than directly, but still he has done it. Single-ship Companies and the rascal stamp of owner have been exposed largely through his efforts. It is more dangerous than it was to send ships to sea in order that they may earn, not freight but insurance, and, moreover, this baseness has been well exposed, and made to appear shameful. A greater lack of scruple and a thicker hide are needed to perpetrate it than were necessary twenty years ago, which is a distinct gain. For this Mr. PLIMSOLL is fairly entitled to his share of credit, which we shall not grudge him. Still it is a pity that he will compel us to describe him, in a slightly modified form of CROMWELL's criticism on the Rev. Mr. HOLDENROUGH, “Lackaday, lackaday! a *worthy* man, but intemperate; “over-zeal hath eaten him up.” It is well to be zealous, and sometimes when you are dealing with very stolid people not ill to be a little savage in hitting. But it is not well to think that, because your intentions are excellent, you may bring any sweeping accusation you please, and talk as if you were above the rules of evidence; and these are the mistakes which Mr. PLIMSOLL used to make in the days of his glory, and has repeated since he popped up again last week.

His method of dealing with evidence has not altered in the least. Last week he again asserted roundly that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had proved that the average loss of life in English ships is 1 in 66, whereas among Germans, Dutchmen, Norwegians, and Italians, taken together, it is 1 in 277. Now it is unfair to lump these four together to begin with. There are some very fair seamen among the Italians; but, as a rule, they are mere coasters in the Mediterranean. Now this is a lady's sea, liable to fits of temper, which can generally be avoided by running into port. Their average of loss at sea is very low, and when they are combined with Germans, Dutch, and Norwegians to obtain a general average, the result reached is unduly favourable to the three Northern nations. But that is not all. As Mr. W. H. COOKE has reminded Mr. PLIMSOLL, the figures given by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refer only to the loss of one very stormy year as far as we are concerned, and as regards the foreigners were quoted by him with a warning that he could not answer for their accuracy. Mr. COOKE also pointed out to Mr. PLIMSOLL that the loss of life in English ships between 1884 and 1890 ranged from 1 in 164 to 1 in 223, the lowest figure of all which was reached in 1885-6. This alters the case very greatly. Mr. PLIMSOLL has not been quite candid in his answer to Mr. COOKE. He confesses that he should have quoted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's qualification, but he steadily ignores the figures that Mr. COOKE quotes to show the average percentage of loss of life at sea between 1884 and 1890. He calmly sticks to his 1 in 66. This obstinacy in saying a telling thing and sticking to it is not favourable to Mr. PLIMSOLL's reputation for candour. Neither is it becoming in him to insist that fines for excess in deck-loading never exceed 5*l.*, and to forget to add, or at least not to add with sufficient precision, that these same fines are levied per cubic foot of excess. A mulct of 2*l.* 10*s.* sounds a very trumpery penalty for a man who stands to win a round sum by freight; but if it is levied on thirty cubic feet, it means 75*l.*, which will make a hole in the earnings of a small steamer or sailing vessel. Fines of this and a greater amount have been imposed. As regards Mr. PLIMSOLL's more sweeping assertions touching unseaworthy ships and rotten food, they are more difficult to bring to an effective test. He is in the fortunate position of the ingenious and emphatic young bard who lately sang the cruise of that very ill-found craft the *S.S. Bolivar*. There are vessels of that sort, and they do cross

the bay. The difficulty is to know how many of them, and then to understand how they get insured at all, or why the Sailors and Firemen's Union, which can support secretaries and pay cab bills, does not get one of them condemned. It has the right and means to do so, and the act would serve its interests admirably. Why, then, not do it? On this point, too, there is something else to be said. The kind of seafaring man who may be found "raising CAIN," as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING calls the process, in that vocabulary of his which is so admirably adapted to make the *bourgeois* "sit up," is not a very trustworthy witness, and neither is he always entitled to pity. He is very fond of laying it on when he comes across a landsman on whom positive colour promises to have a good effect. Then, too, seeing that flapdoodle is no better for sailors than for other men, it is not superfluous to point out that men who "raise CAIN," by which Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING means drink themselves to a ragged shirt and a pair of dugaree trousers, must expect to be driven to the likes of the *S.S. Bolivar*. The "ocean tramps," so called, may be worthless craft, but they are as good as a very large proportion of their crews. Among the men who man them are some of the very scum of the earth.

BRUTALITY IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

IF the *Vorwärts* had published a sham circular, and had attributed it to Prince GEORGE of Saxony, denials of the story it contains would have been heard long ago, and the Socialist paper would have been prosecuted. As nothing has been heard of denials or of legal proceedings, it must be taken for granted that the *Vorwärts* has been well informed, and that the commander of the Twelfth German Army Corps has been compelled to call the attention of his colonels to a long series of acts of the most revolting brutality perpetrated by the non-commissioned officers of their regiments. The details are, in some cases, absolutely disgusting, and in all disgraceful. Nothing worse is recorded of the notorious captain and warrant officers of the *Hermione* or the equally notorious CORBET of the *Africaine*. Nor can it be alleged in excuse that these barbarities were exceptional. The list of sergeants and lance-corporals condemned for the deliberate and repeated torture of recruits is long. They belong to all branches of the service, and Prince GEORGE speaks as if, in his opinion, which must have been formed after examining a great deal of evidence, they were only the worst offenders among many, or the minority who had the ill luck to be detected. It is not wonderful that the story told in the circular has excited strong feeling in Germany. In spite of the fact that all Germans are liable to military service, a third or more never do actually serve in the regiments. But all are liable; and we can well understand that Germans are horrified at the thought that their sons may some day be subjected to the tender mercies of such unmitigated brutes as Lance-Corporal HOFFMANN and Sergeant ZEHE. Whether it was wise in Prince GEORGE to say, even in a confidential circular, that such stories as these must tend to strengthen the Social Democrats is, we think, a question. It had, perhaps, been better to trust to the intelligence of his colonels to draw an obvious deduction. But that he was stating a fact is beyond dispute. From a public circular of the EMPEROR's, published very early in his reign, we may conclude that the instructors of the Twelfth Corps are not an exception in the German army.

It is not without interest to inquire why such stories should be heard from an army which is supposed to be in every way a model to Europe. The Germans are heavy-fisted enough certainly, but they are not a deliberately cruel people. But what is most horrible about these stories is the deliberation shown in the cruelty. An instructor would not in any mere exceptional explosion of temper compel a recruit to raise and lower a can full of boiling coffee 500 times, or turn a squad out to drill at the double in their nightshirts in the middle of a January night. These are the acts of men who take persistent enjoyment in acts of tyranny. Besides, such things are not done except by men who have enjoyed long impunity in misconduct. Yet it is not difficult to find an explanation for the existence of such men as the instructors of the Twelfth Army Corps. We believe that they are the result of a system which endeavours to combine short service with a high level of efficiency. The object of the German military administration is to pass the greatest possible number of

men through the ranks with the greatest possible speed, but to pass nobody who is not efficient. The tendency of late years has been to diminish the time spent with the colours. As the same degree of efficiency must be obtained in less time, there must be more and ever more driving of the recruits. If it were not a little flippant to do it, the results might be described in an adaptation of the "House that Jack Built." From the EMPEROR downwards there is continual pressure on the man below, and the weight falls at last on the drill-sergeant. He is responsible for getting the recruits ready in time for the captain whose company must pass muster in the autumn manoeuvres. If they are not ready the sergeant will suffer. His captain, who will smart for it if the company does not toe the line, must drive him on. As a matter of course, the sergeant drives the recruits. As he is sure to have among the men given him to lick into shape a proportion of slow men, of stupid fellows whose fingers are all thumbs, he would be more than human if he did not rage at the incompetence for which, unjustly but naturally, he will be held responsible. If he is a man of brutal turn, he revenges himself after the fashion of Sergeant ZWAHR or of Lance-Corporal HOFFMANN, who compelled Bombardier DOMBART to present arms eighteen hundred and eighty-nine times. Probably Bombardier DOMBART was slow in learning to present arms with the finish required by a critical company officer. It is at the price of such driving as this that great efficiency is attained in a very short time. The question for the heads of the German army is whether they are not straining human nature too far in their hurry. Slow fire makes sweet malt, and a too quick one simply spoils it, which is no economy.

THE FRENCH TARIFF.

ON the 1st of this month France, to use the flattering phrase of the Protectionists, recovered her liberty. She escaped from the slavery imposed upon her by treaties of commerce, and resumed her old freedom to impose every kind of obstacle on Frenchmen who wished to buy foreign goods. For this happy day she has prepared two tariffs—one, the minimum, is designed to go just far enough not to kill import trade. The other, the maximum, is calculated to kill it altogether, and is to be used to punish those foreign Powers which do not give French commerce some acceptable advantage. In order that the liberty of their country may be the more complete, the Chambers have deprived Ministers of the power of making commercial conventions. This new reign of freedom began on the 1st, and already it begins to be doubtful whether the millennium will immediately supervene. It is found, for instance, that the terrors of the maximum (a word, by the way, which might well have an unpleasant sound to Frenchmen) have not had much effect on foreigners. They have observed that the minimum is so nearly intolerable that it is hardly worth their while to give anything for the pleasure of enjoying it, and that as they can be never sure of the permanence of any arrangement, it is not worth their while to make one. Norway and Sweden have, indeed, come to an agreement, and a few other small States have made very temporary arrangements. But, as a rule, France finds that her neighbours prefer to meet her maximum with a maximum. Some are well placed to give her tit for tat with effect. Spain, for instance, has, in one of those fits of energy of which the Spaniard is capable at a pinch, just contrived to get her last vintage well over the frontier before the new tariff came into action. She is, therefore, fortunately placed to clap a maximum on French mules and other articles of export to Spain. This quarrel promises to be a very enduring one, for it is to the minimum itself that the Spaniards object. Until they receive assurances that Ministers will apply for its reduction, they, with the confidence inspired by receipt of the price of the last vintage, will maximum the French without mercy.

At home, and particularly in Paris, it has been discovered with equal surprise and indignation that you cannot increase the cost of a thing without increasing its price. The mutton eaten and the beer drunk in Paris come largely from Germany. Thumping taxes have been put upon both of them. Of course, the importer has added to his price to recoup himself, and a little something extra to pay himself for the trouble. The astonishing result—for so the Parisians seem to think it—is that mutton went

up twopence in the pound between Sunday night and Monday morning, and the glass of beer which cost twopence is to cost threepence. The alert tradesman has not always waited till the increase of duty fell upon him to send up his prices. Wine-merchants who have large quantities of Spanish wine on hand have sent up their prices on what they already hold, though it has not paid the tax. Thus, while the Spaniard will receive no less, the French consumer will pay a great deal more. Of course, too, the French grower of mutton, brewer of beer, and maker of wine has raised his price as soon as he is no longer depressed by foreign competition, and it requires no profound knowledge of human nature to know that the increase is always the amount of the tax and something over. The amusing thing is that this natural and inevitable result of a Protectionist policy seems to have surprised the French as much as it did the Americans. Outside the small minority of Free-traders, nobody seems to have understood that, if prices are raised by legislation, there will be a rise in prices. The policy is meant to produce that very result. It would be somewhat foolish to wonder that Frenchmen did not foresee that, if there is a general rise in prices, the good done to the producer, as producer, is counterbalanced by the harm done him in his character of consumer. If they understood that, they would not be Protectionists at all. The producer on a very large scale has no cause to complain, because, when one is set off against the other, there is a balance in his favour; but that is exactly what the Free-trader means when he says that Protection is beneficial only to the capitalist, and to him only as long as the increase in price does not cause a corresponding reduction in consumption. Sooner or later some such reaction as has occurred in Germany against the Protectionist policy of Prince BISMARCK will have its effect in France. For the moment, the Protectionist party is too strong to be resisted. It will require some time to make the peasantry feel the effects of the general rise in prices themselves, and until they do the consumers in the towns will be outvoted. In the meantime the result of the new tariffs on French industry must be bad. In so far as they do check importation from abroad, they must take work from the railways and the shipping. If they do not answer the purpose designed, then France will pay more highly than before for what it takes from abroad. The consequences of a rise in the price of meat, wine, and beer to the workmen of the great towns are obvious.

THE STATE OF THE SOUDAN.

BEFORE proceeding to make some remarks on the very interesting summary of affairs in the Soudan which appeared in the *Times* of Tuesday, it may not be improper to say a very few more words than there is room for in our Obituary on the death of Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN. It is no such great distance even in the actual geographical sense from Khartoum to Kelat. But the connexion in thought between the man to whom more than to any other it is due that Beloochistan is in part British territory, in part a useful and attached protectorate—between the man whose name is identified with the conversion of Quetta into the most important outwork of India and Indian defence—and the district where only men like Sir ROBERT are needed to do the greatest things for England on the Upper Nile, is far closer. It is not impossible that, if the good omens shame the ill, Captain LUGARD or somebody else may have even a greater game to play than Sir ROBERT SANDEMAN had; though it will certainly be against greater difficulties.

The sketch to which we refer, which seems to have been based on information chiefly obtained at Cairo from the escaped missionary Father OHRWALDER, and which "hitches" on" very well to Major WINGATE's remarkable book, which we noticed some months ago, represents a further stage of a tolerably inevitable development. In none of the Soudan provinces, except, perhaps, in Darfur, which was the latest to be subdued and the first to revolt from Egypt, does there appear to be very much active rebellion against the KHALIFA. But the movement which placed him and his predecessor in power is none the less clearly spent; the forces at his command have dwindled, and are dwindling. And, more than that, the anarchy and bloodshed of the last ten years have depopulated and devastated the country to such a degree that the natives would almost certainly welcome a strong and peaceful Government which did not interfere too much with their domestic habits. To

a certain extent, no doubt, the policy of waiting till the pear is ripe is generally justifiable. But it becomes a little dangerous when there are other mouths open for that pear, as there are here. The Italians are bound, by an agreement which they will no doubt loyally observe, not to transgress certain limits westwards and northwards. But if, as is rumoured, the KHALIFA takes the initiative in attacking them, they could hardly be blamed for accepting his challenge, and pushing their possible advantages. Nothing has recently been heard of the expedition which the Belgian Captain VAN KERCKHOVEN was understood to be directing up the Ubangi from the Congo State; but it must be remembered that the upper district of that river runs right up into the Bahr el Ghazal, which is reported as entirely abandoned by the Mahdists, and that the Bahr el Ghazal is, on the other side of its watershed, one of the feeding-grounds of the Nile. That the French will get at Parfur by way of Lake Tchad and Wadai is excessively unlikely; but it is not impossible, and at any rate is their expressed design. And, lastly, it would appear to be absolutely certain that EMIN Pasha is in his old province, is not unwelcome there, and—though he, of course, has no authority to do so—is flying the German flag. Father OHRWALDER is said, like the vast majority of those who, without fear or favour, have examined the question, to recommend the immediate reoccupation of Dongola. This would not only save the frontier of Egypt proper from all danger, and in all probability lead to the pacification of all Nubia, but it would pretty certainly have an effect, immediate or not long delayed, on the further provinces, and, either after or without a last struggle, break up the Mahdist tyranny, and place the whole course of the Nile under the control of those who naturally should control it. Nor is there anything at all discouraging in the experiences of BAKER and GORDON. For the circumstances are quite different, and their lesson is there. The wealth of the country is matter of ascertained fact. That both England and Egypt are bound to rescue it from the anarchy for which both are to blame cannot be denied. The importance of restoring the English prestige, which, as we know from indisputable sources, lasted years after the Abyssinian expedition, and was only destroyed by the fall of Khartoum, is clear to all but the HARCOURTS and the LABOUCHERES. Nobody—at least nobody in his senses—wants an expedition of twenty thousand men with the puffery and fussing and outlay which did not relieve GORDON. Cautious advance southwards from Wady Halfa on the one side, well-considered support of the British East Africa Company's Uganda operations on the other, are all that is required, and the result is all but certain.

LEGAL DELAYS AND LEGAL EXPENSES.

THE case of HOOPER v. LARGE, which came before Mr. Justice GRANTHAM in an almost accidental way last Tuesday, reads, even after the explanations made to the judge on Thursday, like a record of old days, before the besom of reform had penetrated the dusty purlieus of the law. If the story of the defendant, Mrs. LARGE, be accurate, the oppression to which she has been subjected is monstrous, and, on the showing of her adversaries, the peculiar fashion of punishment for her mistakes and misdoings is wholly indefensible. Her statement is, that she was sued as her late husband's executrix for the rent of their house, and resisted the claim, because he had died of typhoid fever, caused by the bad condition of the drains. She did not appear to defend, and on December 1890 there was judgment against her with costs for forty-one pounds. The money after some delay was paid, and then Mrs. LARGE took out a summons for a stay of all further proceedings. It is at this point that the proceedings become curious, and one would hope irregular. Mrs. LARGE was unable at once to pay the sum recovered by the plaintiff; he took possession of her goods. This, no doubt, was part of the legal game, and Mrs. LARGE may congratulate herself that she could not be sent to prison, like Mr. PICKWICK. But when she ultimately discharged Mr. HOOPER's claim, he refused to surrender her chattels, and it was in these circumstances that she applied to the Court. One can see at a glance what would have happened in a novel. The judge would have put on the black cap, and sent for Mr. HOOPER. Under threat of penal servitude, or perhaps of being lynched under the shadow of the Griffin, that recreant suitor would have undertaken to provide handsomely for Mrs. LARGE during the remainder of her viduity, his solicitor would have been sent to the house

of correction, and the applause in Court would have been immediately suppressed. Unhappily Mr. Justice GRANTHAM is not a Cadi, and there are no palm-trees in Fleet Street. All his lordship could do was to put a few questions, which were certainly well worth asking. He first inquired whether it was true that the goods were retained although the judgment had been satisfied. "Yes," replied the plaintiff's solicitor, whose name modesty or some other cause has withheld, "for there are the costs of the administration 'suit.'" What in the name of wonder has a landlord to do with the administration of his deceased tenant's effects? It seems, however, that this form was employed for the purpose of getting the rent out of the estate, in spite of the fact that the widow's chattels had been taken in execution. The process was not unsatisfactory to the plaintiff, as may be seen from this further answer of his professional representative. "This lady need not trouble about the costs 'any more, as we have plenty of money in Court to pay all 'costs.'"

Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, having taken the matter up, was determined to see it through, and accordingly wanted to know "How much money and whose?" The amount is twelve hundred pounds. The owner was the late Mr. LARGE. More than seven hundred pounds of it have been swallowed up by the administration suit. "Then," said Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, "it is a disgrace and a scandal to the law that 'such things should be possible.'" It certainly is. Sum due, forty-one pounds. Amount spent in recovering it, seven hundred and fifty pounds. Moreover, to quote Mr. Justice GRANTHAM again, "the suit is still going on, and, 'as far as I can see, will go on until the whole of this poor 'lady's fortune has been absorbed.'" All the judge could do was to send the parties with a letter to the official solicitor, who will, it may be hoped, do what he can for Mrs. LARGE, and ensure the fullest possible publicity for the whole truth, whatever it may be. The explanation referred to above, and given for the plaintiff by Mr. FARWELL, Q.C., comes to this, that Mr. Justice CHITTY called the conduct of the defendant fraudulent, that she is accused of perjury, and so forth. But the fact remains that nearly 800*l.* have been exacted in costs on a debt of just over 40*l.*, and, so far as we know, the punishment for perjury in this country is not a pecuniary one. Of course, people must pay their rent, and we have no right to assume that the house was unfit for human habitation. If the defendant had property, and would not pay, the plaintiff was justified in applying compulsion. In her position of executrix it may conceivably have been necessary to put her head, or rather her purse, in Chancery. But, in the first place, one cannot easily understand why the administration suit and the seizure of the goods should both have been requisite. In the second place, nothing can possibly excuse the gross and wanton inroad upon the estate to which this poor lady looked as her means of support. If the law sanctions it, then the law sanctions barefaced robbery and extortion. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, "being on his legs," or rather having taken up his parable from his seat, went on to deliver a short lecture on the rapid despatch of business, and the admirable conduct of judges in the Queen's Bench Division. Much of what he said, though perhaps a little exaggerated, is substantially true. It is the Chancery Division where the arrears accumulate until a Common Law judge comes to clear them away. But, as Mr. Justice DAY pointed out on Wednesday, the revival of the Guildhall sittings has been a costly failure. It was supposed that the judges would sit there for the trial of heavy and important commercial causes. But not a bit of it. Most of the cases are utterly trivial, and the whole thing is a farce.

RECRUITING.

WHETHER the "journalistic enterprise," or the toleration of it in official quarters, which have jointly or severally allowed of the publication in the *Standard* of the gist of the forthcoming Report of the Inspector of Recruiting, can be called admirable or not, we will not inquire. Thanks to one or other, or both of them, we have the contents of the Report—or as much of them as it is profitable or useful to quote. The nature of a Report on recruiting is that it contains scores of pages of figures and one page of totals, and that the really useful part is that which contains the totals. If the official people have themselves hurried out the substance of the Report, it cannot be because there is an agreeable story to tell, but for some other reason.

The upshot of it all is that the army is stronger than it was at the end of last year by 1,047 men; but, as the nominal establishment has increased by 1,303, the deficiency is greater than it was at the end of 1890. Then the army was 4,693 men below its establishment. Now it is 4,949 below the same standard. Yet we got last year nearly five thousand more recruits than in the year before, who ought to have filled up the gap, after a fashion, at least. If they have not, it is, in the first place, because an exceptionally large number of men passed to the Reserve, and then because the loss by desertion and by the purchase of discharges has been greater than it has been in any year since 1887. It is to be noted also that, of the 36,003 recruits obtained in the course of last year, 20,000 were enlisted in the last six months by the strenuous efforts of the agents. Some light is given us on the nature of these exertions by the facts that the garrison artillery is more than 400 men short of its complement, because recruits of sufficient size and strength cannot be obtained; that it has lately been found necessary to call on other regiments to supply men for a cavalry regiment ordered to India, because those in the ranks were not physically fit to go; and that the deficiency in numbers and the loss by all kinds of waste are found mainly in the infantry.

Taken together, these facts prove, we are very much afraid, that the army is becoming less, and not more, popular with the stamp of men that it is desirable to attract. Recruits can be got in numbers, but only by taking them young and weedy. It is to be noted, too, that, while the loss of men by desertion and by purchase of discharge is increasing, there has been a decrease in the number of men lost by dismissal for bad conduct. We are, again, much afraid that there can be no doubt what this means. It is only too obvious that, in our need for men, we pass over conduct which would at one time not have been tolerated. The quality of our recruits gets steadily worse. This is the one fact to which it is at present worth while to pay any attention. Talk about War Office reorganization is idle in face of the evidence that service in the army is unpopular. The causes of that unpopularity will not be removed even by the reorganization of the War Office at the hands of the Archangel GABRIEL. There is absolutely no need to make a parade of sagacity, or to cast about for mysterious reasons for the dislike felt for military service. The Royal Engineers can get men in abundance. The cavalry regiments and the Field Artillery, though they too are beginning to feel the pinch, are still up to their standard in numbers. It is the infantry—the bulk and main strength of every army—which is wanting. The reason for the contrast is obvious. The Engineers offer many advantages, and can therefore get as many men as they want. It is true that the Engineers are a small corps; but it is also the case that they require a much more skilled stamp of man than the Line. If "advantages" were offered to the infantry soldier; he also would come forward in sufficient numbers; and that is the long and the short of it. Men who are worth getting know that the shilling a day is a sham, that the free kit is a fraud, that the deferred pay is a nuisance, and that in other ways a soldier is mulcted of what he is told or is allowed to believe he will receive in the ranks. Even as it is, men of something better than the dregs of the people do enlist, for we see that an increasing number purchase their discharge. The dregs desert. With an increasing deficiency in numbers and a steady decline in quality, our army is likely to be in a bad way in five years if some remedy is not found. That remedy is not to be hoped for from a rearrangement of the office-rooms in Pall Mall. With a system of free enlistment it must come from the offer of "advantages." Of course if they fail, we shall have to inquire whether it is any longer possible to maintain an army of the size now necessary by free enlistment at all.

THE ELY AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS.

LIBERAL as was the amount of space devoted to the Gladstonian press to the proceedings of the Conference which met in London last autumn to discuss the condition of the rural labourer, we do not remember that any of those newspapers found room for an analysis of the composition of the assembly. Yet it would have been interesting, and not unimportant, to have known how many of the delegates really belonged to the class which they professed to repre-

sent, and what proportion of those who did belong to it were qualified, by genuine experience of its ways of life, to give just expression to its feelings and its desires. We do not say that the result of such an analysis would have been unsatisfactory; we merely observe that it was never, to our knowledge, forthcoming. In the case of the Agricultural Congress held the other day at Ely, these highly desirable statistics have, we are glad to say, been supplied, and they have, at least, rendered it impossible to dispute the thoroughly representative character of the gathering. The Congress, numbering about 242 members in all, included, it is stated, 126 agricultural labourers, 7 mechanics, 12 small holders, and 82 farmers, land-agents, and other persons connected with the soil. We may safely say, therefore, that more than two hundred out of the 242 delegates ought to have known what they were talking about; and, indeed, an examination of the list of actual speakers shows that, as a matter of fact, this was the case. Whether as much could be said of the very large body of delegates who spoke for ten minutes apiece at the Memorial Hall we leave it to the recollection of the readers of their speeches to determine. To complete the comparison, however, between the two meetings, it is but fair to add that the Congress at Ely was addressed only by a mere expert on agricultural matters, Mr. CHAPLIN; while at the Holborn Restaurant breakfast the delegates to the Conference on Rural Reform had the benefit of a discourse from a possessor of Universal Knowledge in the person of Mr. GLADSTONE.

The most noteworthy point, perhaps, in the speeches of the agricultural labourer at the recent Congress was the unanimity with which they confirmed the observation just made by the PRIME MINISTER with reference to the need for a certain amount of capital to work a small holding to advantage. One of the speakers, a representative of 122 labourers, remarked, with considerable *naïveté*, "that if some means could be devised by which the labourers could obtain capital to carry on holdings, it would be well." He was followed by another delegate who said that "while many men talked of such holdings, they did not think of the expense. He knew what it cost him." A third said that "perhaps the Government might do something towards letting out money for such holdings," and a fourth remarked that "a great question was how to obtain the capital to work a small holding. It meant utter ruin to take land without the capital to work it. He spoke from experience." It is undoubtedly well that this difficulty should be thus candidly pointed out by members for the class for whose benefit the contemplated legislation of the Government is designed. It need not have affected, and it did not, in fact, affect, the main tenor of Mr. CHAPLIN's observations on this subject in addressing the Congress at the close of their debate. No one knows better than the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of AGRICULTURE the difference between the question of allotments and that of small holdings. In the case of allotments all that was required, he said, "was a spade and a pick, which the great majority of labourers possessed already. But for a small holding much more was required. Buildings of some description would probably be needed, and more time would be taken from the occupier's employment than perhaps he could spare." All these, however, are reasons, not for abandoning the project of facilitating the creation of small holdings, but simply for moderating our expectations as to the extent of the benefit which it will confer. On this, as on the other topics dealt with in his speech, Mr. CHAPLIN spoke with all the authority and force of a man thoroughly acquainted with the subject under discussion, addressing men who possessed practical acquaintance with it themselves. No doubt the general effect of his speech, as of all honest and well-informed contributions to the question of agricultural legislation, was to warn his hearers against any exaggerated estimate of results that can be attained by legislation. But those whom he addressed could, at least, carry away with them the encouraging reflection that whatever amount of benefit he thinks it safe to anticipate from the legislative efforts of the Government they may confidently expect to realize.

A TEXT FOR A UNIONIST LECTURE.

IN another column we offer some advice to Unionists desirous of combating the efforts of the Gladstonian for the cajolement and capture of the agricultural labourer. We may here venture to suggest to them that they could

hardly do better than begin their work with a series of critical lectures to the rural voters—of course in the form and manner of those teachings *quæ melius sine ullâ solennitate tradi possunt*—or the latest bid made to them by Mr. GLADSTONE himself. A Unionist accustomed to address rustic audiences, and familiar with the peasant's ways of thought and speech, could hardly be better employed than in going sentence by sentence through the venerable wire-puller's letter to the new Radical weekly, which he thinks it may politically pay to patronize, and translating each of his hollow and sounding periods into language which will show the simplest hearer its emptiness. Mr. GLADSTONE's account of the rural labourer, in his past and present condition, might, if the lecturer chose, be provisionally accepted as accurate, or, if he preferred, he might leave it to his audience themselves to accept as much or as little of it as they pleased. Probably they would accept a good deal of it. Human nature is much the same in all classes, and most men like to hear themselves admiringly and sympathetically described. The peasant will not take it amiss to be told by Mr. GLADSTONE that "building" (so to call it) "a hay-stack," or "charging a cart at harvest-time with a load of wheat," is skilled labour in the strictest sense of the word. He will be ready enough to agree with his eulogist that he has been much put upon in the past, and that, all things considered, "the true marvel is that he should be what he is, in point of forward movement, manly resolution, and forecast of the future." Nor, perhaps, will he resent being told that he is "too commonly subject to a greater amount of depressing influences" (than whom?), "of influences which tend to restrict his fair and legitimate self-assertion, from his contact with the landlord, the clergyman, and the farmer, and this quite apart from the occurrence of cases which are to be censured as tyrannical." And he is sure to have enough of that capacity of self-pity with which most of us, in town or country, are sufficiently well supplied, to be able to agree with Mr. GLADSTONE that, in comparison with the condensed population, he leads both during and after labour a lonely life, in so far as he has not the same facilities for communicating ideas, for cherishing sympathies, and for organizing common action.

Indeed, it would be as well for controversial purposes to assume that this is a tolerably exact account of the rural labourer's situation and needs, and then to read over to him slowly, and with a running commentary, all the rest of the blarney and blather which follows this portion of the article, and to ask him to ask himself what in the name of common sense and common honesty it all comes to. There is one sentence in it, and one alone, which "says anything" to the rural labourer, and what that says has already been said to him by those who are in a position to act, and who have undertaken to act as well as to speak. "It is coming to be more and more seen that the extension of the small culture in all its branches, animal as well as vegetable" (the cow as well as the three acres!), "may become a powerful instrument for the increase of the wealth derived from the kindly earth, and also for the social elevation of the tiller of the soil." Yes, it is "coming to be seen" now; but it was apparently not coming to be seen when Mr. GLADSTONE was in power, and Mr. JESSE COLLINGS was not yet converted from a friend into a foe. But, coming to be seen, it is also coming to be acted upon—by Mr. GLADSTONE's political opponents; and what else has he to offer? Nothing but congratulations on a weekly paper which will give the labourers the "best lights on political subjects"—but at a penny a light—this and Parish Councils. That is literally all—penny lights on political subjects and Parish Councils. Surely it should be possible to make the rural labourer see how much he is likely to get out of a distinguished (but new-found) friend and patron who is capable of wrapping up such an infinite deal of nothing in such an elaborate covering of words?

THE HAND AND ITS STUDY.

THE physiognomy of the hand is sufficiently marked to have attracted observers from the earliest times. Since nearly as many qualities have been attributed to the hand as to the face, it might almost be called a face without eyes; but even here the eyes, the "windows of the soul," have their counterpart in the hand-clasp, which is a parley at the gates so to speak. Chiromancy has found passionate worshippers, yet it could be wished that they had had more reason and less folly in their cult. The

origin, nevertheless, of this headlong adoration is one that is not wholly foolish, it is a desire for the full comprehension of character as displayed by individuals. It is so interesting to know all about our friends, not to say our enemies, and doubly enchanting to know all about ourselves. The sublime rule *γνῶθι σεαυτόν* appeals irresistibly to mankind, and none the less to womankind, whether Greek has or has not been included in the curriculum of their education. And at first sight it seems as if chiromancy were the key to the mystery, the solution of the enigma.

Herein lies the real difficulty of this occult science and black art. For there is no key to the mystery of life except religion. But what deals with the very fountains of life, such as the faithful, philosophic, scientific, and artistic study of character as defined in chiromancy, may well turn the heads of the light and thoughtless as they touch as if by magic on the facts and fancies of their own or other's characters. It appears as if we had but to learn the meanings of about thirty familiar turns and crinkles of this ubiquitous hand, that feeds and clothes us, fights our enemies, welcomes our friends, hides our faces in sorrow, lifts up our prayers to the skies,

Duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,

and then we shall walk as gods knowing good and evil. A reckless rush is made to the little books which set forth rags and tatters of the coveted information, like old papyri worn out by lying in Egyptian tombs for thousands of idle years. The desperate disappointment and disillusion that follow are scarcely ever acknowledged. Whereas one book says a line means a good heart if it is long, another declares that mere length is itself an evil of the first magnitude, and thereupon these cynical impostors object on principle to too much heart. Unless also the line of the head is long enough, the owner is to come to a bad end; if too long and of a particular shape, he is a miser. What, then, can be the right length of either? This is left in doubt, and harrowing uncertainties are likely to take the place of former happy beliefs in self and friends. Moreover, every hand is of a different shape, and the lines wander about at their own sweet will, and actually appear and disappear from time to time, which is more occult than agreeable. Roughly speaking, there are about a hundred and fifty to two hundred incidents that are likely to happen to the average man in the course of his life. Fortune-tellers of old had plenty of time to count them up and tabulate them in the stars—the earliest form of statistics known—and the rule has been handed down through countless generations that a fortune-teller must make a judicious selection of these incidents in prophesying the future. The power of following that rule means the possession of a lively imagination, a sympathetic eye, and a terribly accurate memory, besides an amount of natural force of logic that would win a degree in any University if properly applied. One thing leads to another, even the unexpected has its place, perhaps unexpectedly to itself. Unless a chiromant can lay in a store of information on the subject of character in the abstract and of the curious effects one person's action has on another's action, no definite fortune or character can be evolved. Every line has been made to do duty for its neighbour in the course of centuries, thus indicating in a subtly historical manner the growth of philosophies and religions and the influence of the manners of each period. A strange ethical character runs through the odd and dogmatic assertions of the ancient chiromants; it was evident they knew how passions worked, how peace became strife, and how, throughout all, Wisdom crieth aloud in the streets and no man regardeth her.

There is something pathetically comical in that a clever fortune-teller can use any kind of system with success. Which system can possibly be the right one? Is it the latest or the largest, the oldest or the simplest? We should be inclined to suggest that the best system of delineation of character rests upon a certain amount of knowledge of ethnography, ethnology, geography, history—anthropology in short, in its widest terms. After observing the facts with the care demanded by science and with the eye required by art, and recollecting them with the piety of a true and faithful conscience and giving forth the result with the vivid accuracy of Shakespeare, something may be known about one's dear neighbours and still more valuable self. On a physiological basis the lines are supposed to be formed by the electric currents from the brain to the hand; and there seems to be some truth in this idea, for the lines come and go according as the currents of being act. Hence chiromancy lays audacious claim to be that barometer of the soul and body for which philosophers and physicians have often sighed. Certainly it has been proved that new lines "grow" according to the definite turns of action, or thought, or emotion that are deeply inwrought in the owner's existence. Yet how can it be possibly proved that any line has the right meaning attached to it by Desbarrolles, for example, who has been the cleverest modern chiromant, and who confounds astrology with observation? The very meaning

of character is altered by nationalities in a way demanding serious ethnological allowances, and the lines possibly representative of a French character require another reading for the English. For instance, our dogged practicality perceives that to murder an opponent will have uncomfortable results for the murderer, and therefore anger is restrained out of egoistical caution; but duels remain in France. French vanity leads to polite desire to please; English vanity gives self-satisfaction, the conceit which claims rather than deserves admiration. The mark will be in both hands; but here nationality re-arranges facts with what may be termed natural magic. We do not know how it is, and yet it is so. And it is the same with all the other nations hitherto examined. This wide field for the cultivation of observation and reflection, deduction and induction, presented to an ardent student of human character, will be apt to appear as a yawning gulf to the fervent chiromants who pin their faith on the books that settle everything in two strokes of the pen. Are they no longer to be allowed to believe their own eyes? Cannot they tell a good line when they see it, whether in Jew, Turk, or Christian? Precisely; but how will that "good" line be used? To kill or cure, to help or hurt mankind?

To be worth anything, chiromancy must be treated as an exact science and a true art combined, and then it becomes an incentive to minute observation of trivial facts that can only be explained by the higher sciences, and that can only be set forth intelligibly by the higher arts. Unless it can be employed as a mental and spiritual barometer it is worse than useless. Like those dry sensitive plates that photograph the unseen stars, the skin seems to permit crinkles to be made by unseen thoughts flashing through the mind. A warning of good or ill is sometimes found imprinted there before the owner knows what is within the horizon of his mind. But who will take the warning? The average man hates to be thought the average man, and it is paradoxically a sign of superiority of mind for any one willingly to agree that he is himself a mere ordinary specimen of humanity. Science, indeed, kindly observes that there is only a single specimen of the "average" in any class, the one, that is, that holds the exact centre in the truly miraculous "ogive" formed by drawing a line from the highest to the lowest. But those below the average go quicker to their fall than do the others rise above. No one would like his own hand to rise in witness or warning against him, still less to betray the best and truest feelings that do him nought but honour; therefore chiromancy is put aside by those to whom it might be of value, and it is employed to frighten and amuse the credulous or incredulous by its absurd pretence of fortune-telling. A well-known writer on the rules of chance has averred in vain, although with truth, that there is no such bad luck as believing in good luck, and Democritus more than two thousand years ago said, "Men have invented for themselves the phantom Fortune to excuse their own want of prudence."

If we try to find out why certain names of qualities are given to certain marks or lines in the hand, we are launched unawares into the seething sea of ethics. Long ago the philosophers portioned out man's little being into major and minor parts, and history shows the action of these entities. People must be something or other, and the veriest tiro at fortune-telling will be sure to hit on something true to say out of mere chance, and because of the limitations of human nature. This is called magic. It is, indeed, darkness and ignorance wielding the broken swords of the finest intelligences. The black art of hints and innuendoes that pretend to be inspirations should be scouted, and the superstitious beliefs overcome by the light of true knowledge and devotion. Here comes back the unsolved problem as gaily as an india-rubber ball on the rebound, How shall darkness be overcome by light? Perhaps the problem may be left to remain unsolved, while we try to understand the outward indications of the inward character. We are all engaged in a lifelong struggle to understand one another, misunderstandings being the bane of existence. Therefore it may be worth while now and again to inquire into the methods of any system of patient observation which may help to set up at least a kind of finger-post on our way. Ethics form a system of manners, physiognomy expresses their action, and chiromancy registers the result. There is no place left for magic, that cruel trap for the superstitious. But there is a wide opening for an infinity of mistakes in reading the silent hand, the dumb witness of a life. This kind of reading is like translating out of a foreign language but partly known. One mark will counteract another mark, like the two wicked negatives that only exist to destroy one another, while a third will galvanize them into separate life. For instance, ambition, condemned by Milton as

That last infirmity of noble minds,

is often confounded with worldliness, yet it can live apart; and a very determined share of worldliness will on the contrary go with an excessive supineness, owing to a dominant and selfish love of

ease. With worldliness and a strong will combined the kind of ambition springs up that "o'erleaps itself." Here, instead of two negatives, three positives destroy one another, or at least overthrow their possessor. We have, perhaps, said enough to give the clue to the intricate maze of chiromancy, into which it is only safe to enter bearing a thread of reason to follow the windings of the path, and lead us safely forth again.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

THE exhibition of Barbizon painters at Mr. McLean's Galleries in the Haymarket is altogether a notable collection. If it were merely for the Corots, some of which are exceedingly fine, the gathering must be accounted very attractive. But here also are represented Diaz, Daubigny, J. F. Millet, Dupré, Troyon, with other painters of repute in no sense Barbizonian. The presence of ten Corots in one room is, of course, scarcely an exceptional circumstance. Corot was a prolific painter. There were who taunted him with regard to his ceaseless fertility in production, and he, on his part, was wont to rally these candid friends with his habitual good humour on the protracted and painful methods of the feeble. Against lesser men the charge of over-production may hold. Most of us are of the mind of the distinguished critic who noted Corot's fertility as one more proof that the painter was of the race of the great masters, all of whom, as he took occasion to show, were active producers. This critic, it needs not to be said, was not an art-critic. It is the character, not the number, of the Corots at Mr. McLean's exhibition that calls for remark. The place of honour is occupied by "Le Batelier"—a twilight landscape, presenting a wooded water-way, with a boat in the foreground, the still water reflecting the lingering light of evening in the grey windless sky, and near the horizon one faint rosy touch of colour. This picture is an acknowledged masterpiece, an admirable epitome of the finest qualities of the painter's work, in colour exquisite, and in its treatment of the vague glimmering light marvellously subtle. Full of power and magic is the painter's expression of the mysterious hour when, to sum up the poetic image suggested by all the elements of the landscape, all earth is but one thought—and that is rest. Another charming example is the luminous little landscape (9), one of those impressions of Ville d'Avray which no man has numbered. "The Edge of the Wood" (18), "Morning Mist" (21), "Evening" (22), and "The Outskirts of a Village" (34), are characteristic examples that well merit, with the rest, the study of the visitor. By Diaz there are several remarkable landscapes, of which the finest in colour is "The Forest, Fontainebleau" (10). The small picture "Evening" (12) is a brilliant example of this painter. Millet is represented by a small landscape, two drawings—one a beautiful study of gleaners (38)—and "The Madonna and Child" (25), painted for the church of Notre Dame de la Lorette, in Paris—a stately, indeed a majestic, altar-piece. By Daubigny there are six canvases, of which "By the Stream," a picture exhibited in the Salon of 1844, is the most elaborate composition and the most finished, though by no means representative of the painter's style in his prime. As a colourist he is more favourably exhibited by the impressive study "Low Tide" (30), and by "The Banks of the Loire" (39), where there is a characteristic note of power in the rendering of the clouded and windy sky. There is but one Troyon, though that, "Spring Pastures" (11), is a capital example. For the rest we note, as further attractions of a most interesting show, an excellent cattle-piece (8), by Van Marcke, and a Monticelli—"On the Terrace" (124)—with a Venetian glow of colour.

At the Dowdeswell Galleries, New Bond Street, Mr. C. P. Sainton and Mr. E. M. Wimperis are the chief exhibitors. Mr. Sainton shows some charming studies of heads in "silver point," with a series of little paintings of street-life in London under various atmospheric conditions. These clever studies are marked by excellent observation of the types selected, as in the newspaper boy (5), the crossing-sweeper (16), street-Arabs (21), and the delightful group of children sitting on the pavement, "A Picnic" (27). Perhaps, in some instances, as in the capital group of bird-fanciers in Seven Dials (19), the transcript is a little too bright and clean, though in all alike, thanks to the artist's fine pictorial sense, the figures are vital with individual character. The Essex landscapes of Mr. Wimperis are derived from that pleasant part of the county of which Danbury is the centre, a grass country girt about with wheat lands, such as the Dengie hundred to the east, a country of noble wych elms, willows, red-brick villages, old mills, and much water. Miss Julia Cartwright has discoursed of the attractions of this corner of Essex in one of the reviews. Mr. Wimperis's most vigorous and accomplished paintings, such as "Tossing the Hay" (9), the "Windmill at Danbury"

(12), with its spirited rendering of flying sunny clouds, "A Ruined Mill" (25), and "Thunder Clouds" (27), a fine study of rolling cumulus, are all inspired by the painter's sympathetic observation of nature in or around Danbury Common. It is the breezy call of morn that stirs Mr. Wimperis to his most successful efforts. In the afternoon, particularly in the low and level light of evening, he can no longer be said to be true to himself, and the traditions of old English landscape art he worthily observes in the paintings we have mentioned. We cannot recognize the painter of Nos. 9 and 12, for example, in the painting "Evening—Hemingford Grey" (31), with its unvarnished tone and disagreeable colour. Such work from an artist at his best so strong and sincere is something of a shock.

MARCHES.

SINCE there are twenty days of marching to one of fighting during the course of a campaign, and the success of strategy depends mainly on an accurate calculation of the powers of soldiers on the road, it is clear that too much attention can hardly be given to so important an item in the training of an army. A good deal has lately been made of the deficiencies of some of our battalions in this respect, which the manoeuvres in Hampshire brought to light. It is satisfactory to find, however, that the first reports were, as usual, much exaggerated, and that it was only from a very small minority of corps that there was any considerable number of stragglers. So few failures, however, only show all the more incontestably that all may succeed if due care and attention be exercised, and there is no reason why, if three-fourths are equal to their tasks, the remainder should not likewise be so. The time of our infantry officers is not so occupied but that they can spare some moments to attend to the proper fitting of their men's boots, nor are all the hours of the week so filled in our army but that practice may be indulged in, such as will fit men to cover the distances they may be called on to traverse during a campaign, without unduly straining themselves. For undoubtedly training will help much here. How much may be realized by any one who will take the trouble to observe the apparent ease with which porters and others accustomed to carry heavy weights shoulder and carry off boxes and baggage of dimensions portentous enough to appal many an athlete. Let any one who perhaps prides himself on his powers on the moors, next time he is waiting while his luggage is being weighed at the station, lift a portmanteau of 60 lbs. or so, and ask himself whether he would care to try and do the four miles an hour, which seem so easy to him, with it on his back. Let him further consider that a soldier has to carry such a load, not in any go-as-you-please fashion, but that he has to accommodate his pace to the mass of men round him, has perhaps to form one of a detachment sent to reconnoitre to a flank, and finally, when he arrives at his destination, instead of getting a tub and a good dinner, has perhaps to turn out at once for outpost duty, which means being up the greater part of the night, and when he is not supposed to be awake has to sleep as best he can on the ground, after the scanty and ill-cooked meal, which is perhaps the only one he has had that day. When the matter is so considered it will seem by no means incomprehensible that the distances which armies can be relied on to traverse in a day are so short, and that so many soldiers are rendered *hors de combat* ere they come within sight of their enemy at all.

Victory is so often dependent on celerity of movement that it is no wonder that the greatest generals have devoted much attention to the education of their men's legs. Frederick and Napoleon, perhaps, laid more stress on such education than any of the other great masters of the art of war, and both owed their early successes principally to the capabilities they had developed in those they led. The former rather benefited by the tactical advantages precision of movement in the presence of the enemy conferred upon him, while it was in the realm of strategy that the latter turned the mobility of his forces to account. His march from Boulogne to the Rhine in 1805 remains the "record" for a rapid continuous march of a large force. On that occasion his three corps marched on three distinct lines, each corps marching by divisions at one or two days' interval. They thus traversed 400 miles in twenty-six days, an average distance of nearly 16 miles a day, or, if the halts they made every five days be allowed for, about 20 miles for a day's march. Our short-service army, which is occasionally somewhat unjustly derided, can boast of an achievement almost as proud, in the march now celebrated as "Roberts's," from Cabul to Candahar. In a very trying climate 316 miles were then accomplished in twenty-three days, while on one day the main body marched 21 miles. The force, however, it must be remembered, was very much less than that which Napoleon led, and the difficulties of marching vary directly with

the numbers on the road. Moreover, General Roberts had the judgment, and could afford, to leave wheeled artillery behind. The German corps which in 1870 marched from the Rhine to Paris accomplished 520 miles at an average rate of 13½ miles per diem, while Marlborough when he started from the Netherlands for Blenheim took twenty-five days to leave 240 miles after him. Such are the performances which may be expected from soldiers on marches occupying lengthened periods, and the prudent general will base his calculations on no higher estimates. Forced marches are the favourite resource of incompetence, and should only be resorted to in cases of absolute necessity. The improvident leader turns to them, as the spendthrift does to his capital, to supply his want of foresight, destroys the morale of his men, and ultimately renders them incapable of answering to the call when the inevitable crisis comes. Yet forced marches have absorbed a vast share of popular admiration, and appeal to the gallery in a manner which less showy, but sounder, methods fail to do. And popular writers and ignorant exaggeration take care that such achievements shall not lose in the chronicling of them. Thus it comes about that we must receive some accounts with suspicion, nor forget the grain of salt when the exploits of the mighty dead are sung. To analyse popular traditions is an ungracious task, yet occasionally it must, in the interest of truth, be undertaken. It is so easy sometimes by a little slipshod writing to give the reader a totally different impression from that which the original historian intended to convey, that the story often grows rather from carelessness than intention to mislead. A body of troops may start at 10 A.M. one day, may march 20 miles, and reach their camp or bivouac in ample time to have a good meal and comfortable night's rest. If they are asked to start again next morning at four o'clock, and accomplish 15 miles ere they reach a halting-place for the remainder of the day six hours later, they will have done well; but it will hardly occur to any one of them, as they rest after their exertions, that they have just "made history," or, indeed, done anything much out of the ordinary routine. A partial historian or correspondent gifted with a flowery style will, however, not so easily allow his opportunity to escape him. In reality 35 miles has been accomplished in two days. It will read better in the papers at home, however, to say twenty-four hours, and no violation of truth is incurred by doing so. Thirty-five miles in twenty-four hours will therefore be with the public the record of what soldiers have done. But the snowball will not cease rolling yet. A subsequent writer, not observing the distinction, will call the twenty-four hours a day, and *voilà!* we have a forced march ready to go down to posterity, and figure in the annals for all time! The truth is that the physical strength of even the sturdiest races is so easily sapped by improper food, broken sleep, bad roads, tender feet, and heavy burdens, that with infantry forced marches are a very dangerous experiment, and can rarely be accomplished without adventitious aid of some sort being supplied. Much hostile criticism was evoked when at the manoeuvres, during exceptionally sultry weather, the men were relieved of their kits. Considering that our men had had but little experience in marching long distances, however, the innovation showed judgment, and was not out of place. That our infantry should not be ready and fit to march accoutred as they must be on service is another side of the question, which we will not here enter upon; but, matters being as they were, the relaxation was not out of place, and was in accordance with the dictates of common sense. No commander will entail burdens on his men which he can get carried elsewhere, and on almost all the occasions when exceptional exertions have been called for in the way of marching, the troops have been able to rely on something more than their own legs. In several of Napoleon's marches the men took it in turns to ride in the carts which he provided, and during the palmy days of the Peninsular war the light infantry frequently handed over their knapsacks to the cavalry to carry for them. Sherman, in his famous march across Georgia, did not disdain the aid of carts; and Nicholson was glad to mount his men in "ekkahs" during the Mutiny. It is, however, by cavalry that forced marches have most frequently and successfully been accomplished, and as much as 50 miles can, on an emergency, undoubtedly be covered by them in a day. The deeds of European horsemen are entirely, however, left in the shade by the exploits performed in Central Asia during one of their raids by the Turcomans. And here we have the unimpeachable authority of Valentine Baker to rely on, and may be sure that the feats he has told us of were really accomplished. Our own men did good work however when, in 1882, the cavalry division made their dash on Cairo, and in a hot sun and over heavy sand traversed 35 miles between four o'clock in the morning and five at night.

We fear, however, they could scarcely have repeated their performance the next day, as a squadron of Werder's dragons did in 1871, when they rode 64 miles in twelve and a half hours,

and returned again the following morning. We are no admirers of long-distance rides, such as seem to exercise a fascination over foreign officers, however; and as long as horses are not soft, there is much to be said for the theory the great Duke insisted on in the Peninsula as to "fat horses" at the commencement of a campaign. Infantry, however, need frequent practice over long distances under service conditions if they are to be ready to move as they ought to when called upon to do so in earnest.

Constant exercise will develop and strengthen a man's muscles to a remarkable degree, and he will be all the better if he is out in the fresh air on a country road in place of loafing about the streets or smoking in the canteen. Moreover, judicious arrangements and attention to small details of dress and equipment on the part of staff and regimental officers will often render tasks less arduous, and their accomplishment more pleasant. There is an art in husbanding the strength of your men, which will best be acquired by actual experience, and a good method of marching legislates for the comfort, security, and efficiency of the troops as much as for the performance of the daily task. Care should be taken that men are not under arms unnecessarily early before they start, and that each unit joins the column in the manner most convenient to the troops which compose it. The nature of the various roads should be studied, and they should be allotted to the arms of the service for which they are best adapted, while wherever possible the front of the column should be widened, and its length proportionately be curtailed. It is constant familiarity with the difficulties to be avoided that principally assures good management, and, therefore, marching should be studied, not only to develop the men's legs, but likewise to exercise the judgment of those they follow.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY has acted injudiciously in permitting a revival of *The Vicar of Bray*, a colourable imitation of Mr. Gilbert, and yet not so much colourable as colourless. If the current rumours be true that the future has in store for us a new opera by the indispensable partners to whom we owe the merry series from *Trial by Jury* to *The Gondoliers*, we cordially welcome the prospect, for these poor copies are extremely feeble fun. We regret the production of *The Vicar of Bray*, because it tarnishes the reputation Mr. Sydney Grundy has gained by his *Pair of Spectacles* and *Foot's Paradise*, and also because many pleasant hours spent at the Savoy Theatre give us a friendly interest in its fortunes. For *The Vicar of Bray* is not only very weak, but in very bad taste as well, and peculiarly well calculated to offend the audience which specially frequents that house. There is no possibility of extracting humour from the idea of the hovering of a time-serving clergyman between High Church and Low Church, for the reason that there is no humour in it. Whom does Mr. Sydney Grundy hope to amuse? The vapid young man who is attracted by the gaiety and brightness—where any are to be found—of comic opera will not be in the least diverted by a satire on sectarianism, and it is quite certain, stupid as the whole affair is, to wound a great many excellent people. The manager's mistake is the more pronounced because it has been stated that the book of the next opera is written by Mr. Grundy, and it is inevitable that the theatre where *The Vicar of Bray* has been played will be shunned by that large section of Savoy audiences which, little given to playgoing, has made an exception here, and is accustomed to attend, provided with books of the words, which are followed so sedulously that their readers seldom glance at the stage. Entertaining, as we do, much respect for the ability of Mr. Sydney Grundy, we should be sorry to think that he was not himself a little ashamed of such a paltry appeal to the vulgar as is comprised in the idea of making a stout middle-aged clergyman prance and caper about in the midst of the *corps de ballet*. It is the same form of humour as grinning through a horse-collar at a fair, plus an offence against good taste. Such buffoonery mattered less elsewhere. When players of less professional status condescended to this species of foolery at the Globe Theatre, where the opera met with deserved condemnation two years ago, it was not worth while to raise a protest; but the Savoy is a theatre of character and reputation, and there we look for worthy work.

We can find little to commend in any detail of the production except some prettiness in the dresses and scenery, a line of dialogue at distant intervals, and a few airs which possess commonplace tunefulness. Mr. Grundy must have been sorely grieved for lack of matter when he chose the subject, and we find nothing in the treatment to redeem the choice. The Rev.

William Barlow, tutor of Sandford and Merton, is supposed to have become Vicar of Bray; Sandford is the curate and Merton a resident squire. Sandford has grown as didactic and tedious as he threatened to become if he continued in the way in which he was brought up; but it is always a very dangerous experiment to represent upon the stage a person whose characteristic is formal and tiresome prolixity. As for Merton, he has no characteristic at all; for we cannot be entertained at a sly suggestion that, though he wears a red coat, he never goes out hunting as he pretends to do. One of Mr. Grundy's little bits of satire in particular misses its mark. "Hunting in May!" some one observes in a manner which leads us to suppose the author does not know that some Masters of Hounds pride themselves on killing a May fox, and the fact of the date being the first of May is particularly emphasized. When Mr. Grundy first made the mistake of writing *The Vicar of Bray*, the Church and Stage Guild had just been started by a few curates eager for a notoriety which they saw no other means of obtaining. It has passed, and is forgotten, and so disappears, for all practical purposes, the one idea out of which a veneer of thin humour might have been obtained. As for the flirtation of the elderly couple, the Vicar and Mrs. Merton, with their duets and dances, all this is borrowed from Sir Marmaduke and the Lady Sangazure in *The Sorcerer*. The music-hall song on the subject of the Jackson case (the date of *The Vicar of Bray* is about 1830) is, we will cordially admit, in no way suggested by anything Mr. Gilbert ever wrote. This is Mr. Grundy's own. The date of the work being considered, the introduction of references to Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, and Mr. Gill have a curious sound, for comic opera should not be burlesque.

It would be waste of time to discuss in detail the exceedingly arduous labours of a company inferior, for the most part, to that to which Savoy audiences have been accustomed. Mr. Rutland Barrington brings humour and experience to bear on his performance of the Vicar. Considering the shreds of straw that are provided for him, he makes something creditably resembling bricks. Mr. Curtice Pounds, as Sandford, quite wins our sympathy by the diligence with which he strives to make the best of a bad job; and Mr. Richard Green, as Merton, succeeds in conveying the impression that if he had a chance he would take it. Miss Rosina Brandram, as Mrs. Merton, showed the fruits of careful training; but of the others we can say nothing that is commendatory, and so prefer to maintain silence—a course which we feel is marked by benevolence. It was a sad descent, indeed, from *The Gondoliers* to *The Nautch Girl*, and *The Vicar of Bray* is a step lower. We sincerely hope that Mr. D'Oyly Carte will with his next venture approach his former level, and we shall be delighted to record the fact and forget *The Vicar of Bray*.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE new Portuguese Cabinet is to be congratulated on the frankness and courage with which it has explained to the public the desperate financial condition in which it finds itself. Throwing aside the old policy of subterfuge and living from hand to mouth, it is endeavouring to restore order; but whether the measures it is adopting will prove successful is another question. This day week the Finance Minister explained in the Cortes the actual condition of affairs, and the policy adopted by his colleagues. When he entered office in the middle of last month there was a floating debt of somewhat over 23,000 contos of reis—or, at the nominal value of the reis, somewhat over 5 millions sterling. Half the floating debt was the result of past deficits, not yet funded, and half was caused by unwise advances made to banks, railway Companies, steamship Companies, and an opera Company. If these advances could be recovered, the floating debt, of course, would be reduced by one-half; but, as matters stand, it is hopeless to think of recovering them, and at the very best they must be looked upon as a long lock-up. But that is not all. In the year ended with June last there was a deficit of 11,550 contos, or somewhat over 2½ millions sterling nominal; and in the year ending with June next it is estimated that the deficit will amount to very nearly 2½ millions sterling. In the two years together, that is to say, there will have been a deficit of 4½ millions sterling nominal. As our readers are aware, the credit of Portugal is utterly gone. She has tried in vain to borrow in London and Paris, and not having succeeded, she has sold almost everything for which she could find a purchaser, except only, of course, her ultramarine possessions. The situation being so, and the old Cabinet having broken down on the financial question, there was nothing left for the new Cabinet but to face the situation; and it must be admitted that, so far as telling the public frankly what that situation is, the Finance Minister has done his duty. Having explained the situation, he calls upon the public to rally to the support of the Government, and

submit to sacrifices to maintain the credit of the country. He proposes, in the first place, to cut down salaries from 5 to 20 per cent. according to the magnitude of the salary, to increase the supplementary tax of 6 per cent. imposed on all existing taxes from 10 to 20 per cent., to impose an Income-tax of 30 per cent. on all bonds, including the public debt, when the interest is paid in Portugal, and, lastly, to make a compromise with the foreign bondholders. For ourselves we do not attach very much importance to the proposed economies. Cutting down salaries sounds very well, but it does not yield large results; and adding on to taxes already existing—which too often are woefully in arrears—does not seem a much more promising experiment. More is to be hoped from the compromise with the bondholders; and, though the investor is to be sympathized with for the sacrifice he will have to make, it must have been apparent for a long time past that such a sacrifice had become inevitable. The compromise is offered in two distinct forms; either the bondholder may consent to take a bond for half the capital amount of his existing holding, or he may agree to take half the rate of interest. But, while it is added that payment is to be guaranteed in gold, we are told that the bondholders are to be asked to accept payment in Treasury Cedulas, with their interest amortizable with or without premiums. It seems to us that the bondholders ought not to agree to a reduction of the capital value of their bonds; that would be to allow an opportunity by-and-bye for Portugal to borrow again. The far better course is to accept a reduction in the interest, retaining the capital value as it is at present; and we think the bondholders would act wisely if they were to insist, in the first place, upon an inquiry as to whether so great a reduction as 50 per cent. is urgently necessary, and, secondly, upon a proviso that, if Portugal hereafter is able to pay more than 1½ per cent. upon the existing debt, she shall do so. There is little use, perhaps, in asking for a higher rate of interest just now, for we fear that the condition of Portugal is such that she would not be able to raise the money. But when the crisis is over, and she begins to advance in prosperity, it is only due to her creditors that the rate of interest payable to them should be increased.

The money market has been very quiet this week. The gold withdrawals have practically ceased, the total for the week ended Wednesday night having amounted to no more than 186,000*l.*, and an expectation is springing up that gold will be received in large amounts from the United States. Consequently, the competition for bills has again increased, and the discount rate in the open market is only about 1¼ per cent.

The price of silver fell on Tuesday to 41½*d.* per oz., and business has been done even as low as 41¼*d.* per oz. These are the lowest quotations ever recorded, and they prove conclusively that the attempt of the United States Government to bolster up the market for the metal has completely failed. The great rise that took place in 1890 stimulated production, which has increased rapidly in the United States, in Mexico, and in Australia. At the same time the consumption has fallen off; especially, for over twelve months now, the demand for India has been exceedingly small. During 1889 and 1890 immense quantities were imported into India, and as yet it seems clear that the supply is larger than is required. Respecting the future course of the market, all depends on the action of the United States. If the Silver party succeeds in carrying the Free Coinage Bill, and if it is not vetoed by the President, or if Congress overrides the veto, then it is reasonable to expect that there will be a recovery in the price for a time, though it seems certain that a permanent improvement cannot be maintained. On the other hand, if the American public takes alarm, it is quite possible that a further great fall may occur. There are rumours, indeed, that apprehension is springing up in the United States, and that some bankers are expressing a fear that gold will be driven out of the circulation by the immense quantities of silver that are being bought, and that in consequence gold will rise to a premium; in other words, that silver cannot be kept at the artificial value attached to it by Congress. If fears of the kind become general, then the market will become utterly demoralised, and the depreciation must go on.

During the week we have had a revival of the alarmist rumours which were so common in the early part of last year, but which happily had entirely ceased for several months. One eminent firm was especially talked about, though we believe that it is perfectly solvent. No doubt there is a certain foundation for the rumours, so far, at least, as this, that losses have been incurred; but the resources of the house are far greater than the liabilities. At the same time, much apprehension is felt of the consequences to Lancashire of the fall in silver and in cotton. The price of silver, as stated above, is lower now than it ever has been hitherto. As a result, Lancashire merchants selling cotton piece-goods or other commodities in India get an

amount of silver which exchanges for less gold than at any previous time. The fall in silver is thus equivalent to a heavy fall in the price of all British exports to India and other silver-using countries. At the same time the fall in cotton has inflicted very serious losses upon the planters in the United States, and also upon manufacturers and merchants who bought cotton some time ago at much higher prices than now can be obtained. As a matter of course, the losses from both causes must be heavy, and it is feared, therefore, that there may be numerous failures in Lancashire. The fears have been intensified by the persistent heavy selling upon the Stock Exchange, especially of American railroad securities. Every one thought a little while ago that the splendid crops in the United States, the great demand for grain in Europe, and the consequent increased business of the railroad Companies, would lead to a very great rise in American railroad securities, that speculation would be fostered, and that business would become active. But ever since New Year's Day, on the contrary, prices have been falling. To a large extent the fall is accounted for by the distrust that exists here, and by the losses occasioned by the fall in silver and cotton. But it is to be recollected that the fall in cotton has inflicted heavy losses on the growers in the South, and likewise that the fall in silver causes heavy losses to the American mining companies and to the speculators who have held for a long time large quantities of the metal. The fall, however, will be only temporary unless fears arise in the United States that gold will be driven from the circulation. Should such fears become general, then the result upon the stock markets must be serious. Paris, too, was disturbed by rumours on Thursday, to which an exaggerated importance was attached, and the Bourse was depressed.

The trade outlook is gloomy. The fall in silver and in cotton, as stated above, has caused heavy losses in Lancashire, the famine in Russia, the short crops in other Continental countries, the breakdown in South America, the crises in Portugal, Spain, and Italy, the drought in India, and the loss of credit by the Australasian colonies, all combine to lessen the purchasing power of some of our best foreign customers. At the same time, last year's splendid harvest in the United States has not stimulated American trade as was expected. Even wheat, instead of rising, as everybody anticipated, is rather giving way. The volume of business still continues very large; but there are almost universal complaints that profits are exceedingly small, and in many industries have entirely disappeared.

With few exceptions, the changes in prices this week have been downwards. Thus, owing to the rapid depreciation of silver, Four per Cent. Rupee-paper closed on Thursday afternoon at 69½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. Amongst Colonial Government stocks, New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents closed at 92½, a fall of ¾; and Queensland Three and a Half per Cents closed at 90, a fall of ½. In Home Railway stocks the movements have been some up and some down. Thus, Great Western closed at 160½, a fall, compared with the preceding Thursday, of ½; but Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 111, a rise of ½; and London and North-Western closed at 175, a rise of ¾. In the American market the fall has been very general and very heavy. Beginning with the more speculative shares, which, it will be recollected, are not suited to the investor, Atchison shares closed on Thursday afternoon at 40½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3. Erie shares closed at 31, a fall of 1½; Union Pacific shares closed at 47½, a fall of 2½; and Milwaukee shares closed at 31, a fall of 1½. Coming now to the dividend-paying stocks, we find that Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday afternoon at 75½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of no less than 2½. Since New Year's Day there has been a fall of fully 10 dollars in this stock, which is the more remarkable as the Company is regularly paying a dividend of 5 per cent. A 5 per cent. share at a fraction over 75 seems an anomaly; but it is to be recollected that the Louisville and Nashville is a Southern line, and that the South just now is affected by the fall in cotton. In the other sound dividend-paying stocks there is not much change; but generally the movements are upward. Thus Lake Shore closed on Thursday afternoon at 126½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; while Pennsylvania closed at 57, a fall of ½. Argentine Railway stocks continued to depreciate further during the week. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 57-61, a fall of as much as 4 compared with the preceding Thursday; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 102-4, a fall of 1. Argentine Government bonds also declined. The Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 59½, a fall of 1; and the Funding loan closed at 51, a fall of 1½. Brazilian Four per Cents closed at 59½, a fall of 2½. In the foreign market there was a very general downward move-

ment on Thursday owing to the disquieting rumours in circulation in Paris, but for the week the changes are unimportant. Italian, however, closed on Thursday afternoon at 90½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had brusque changes during the week, and on Tuesday we in London had a return to sleet and snow. This change was rendered more striking by the fact that the preceding Friday had been abnormally warm for the time of year. All through the week the sea has been persistently high along the west coast, and at times the wind has risen to a gale, especially on Friday and Sunday nights. These conditions have been due to the existence of an area of high barometrical readings over Spain and the south of France; while at the same time depressions have been travelling outside the north coast of Scotland to Norway. As each of these approached our islands from the Atlantic the gale freshened up; in fact, during the whole week the gradients for westerly and north-westerly winds have been unusually steep. Rain has fallen pretty generally on most days, but never in any great quantity. On Thursday, January 28, barometrical readings varied from 30.5 in. at Brest to 28.9 in. at Bodö, near the Lofoden Islands. That night a remarkable wave of heat passed over the north of Great Britain, causing the thermometer to rise ten or fifteen degrees at every station from Loughborough northwards. On Friday morning Aberdeen was actually the warmest station in Europe, the reading being 54°. At Lisbon the temperature was 48°, at Nice 41°, in Algeria much about the same. Funchal was the only station given in the *Bulletin International* which surpassed Aberdeen, its reading being 56°-5. During the day the temperature at Aberdeen rose to 58°, a most unusual record for January at that place. This gush of warmth was only temporary, for in the next two days the temperature came down again "by leaps and bounds," and by Tuesday morning the Aberdeen thermometer at 8 A.M. was at the freezing-point. We have certainly good reason in these islands for perpetually talking about the weather. The heat on Friday heralded a storm, and on Friday night it appears to have blown very hard over Scotland for a few hours. The force is, in Wednesday's *Times*, described as rivaling that of the Tay Bridge storm; but allowance must be made for some exaggeration in the expressions of a "local correspondent." On Sunday night, again, we had a fog in the English Channel, during which the *Eider* went ashore; and at the same time another serious depression reached the Scotch coast, causing several barometers to fall more than an inch—Stornoway, in fact, fell 1.27 in. between Sunday and Monday mornings. Stiff local gales were reported, but nothing very serious. In the rear of this depression the wind drew more northerly, and hail or snow showers occurred on Monday and Tuesday in several parts, with thunderstorms at Liverpool. A bright aurora was seen at Aberdeen on Tuesday night. Barometer readings were very low on Monday, as 28.31 in. was the report from Sumburgh Head that afternoon; and on Wednesday, as we write, the readings all down the east coast of Great Britain are scarcely above 29 in., and at the Helder even below the level.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

PROFESSOR HERKOMER'S much-talked-of Lecture on Scenic Art, which was delivered one day last week at the Avenue Theatre, by special request of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, contained very little originality. His views on the time-honoured fashion of lighting the stage with footlights, &c., were anticipated in our columns two years ago, in a series of articles on Stage Science, and the only novel ideas this fine painter suggested concerned a mechanical moon of his contrivance and an expansion-proscenium of his invention. This moon, which has hitherto only shed its lustre on the wilds of Bushey Park, must be a very clever moon indeed; for it contains not only "reproductions of the mountains," but is accompanied by a halo or a lunar rainbow. We are somewhat afraid that if ever this luminary does abandon the precincts of Mr. Herkomer's villa, and condescend to shine on Juliet, she will become jealous of an orb which is sure to distract the attention of the audience from herself, as, accompanied by its resplendent halo, it gradually ascends from the level of the stage, and rises in glory until it is lost in the flaps above. We have heard of an American Juliet whose feelings were so outraged by a recalcitrant stage-moon which refused to shed its beams upon her uplifted face, in the Balcony Scene, that she interpolated these lines into the text, and, in accents Western and not mild,

declared, "I ain't a-goin' on if that there moon don't shine proper." As to the success of Mr. Herkomer's plan of focussing a scene by means of a mechanically expansive proscenium, we are equally doubtful as to its results. The people in the gallery would certainly not appreciate it, for it would cut off half the figures of the actors; and we are of opinion that the folks in the boxes would be equally dissatisfied with an arrangement which would obviously diminish their already only too limited view of the stage. But the acting is, after all, the thing. The scenery surely should only form the background to the players, and be subordinate to them, and not of such an obtrusively elaborate character as to dwarf their efforts. Is it not better to have good acting in front of a green baize curtain than bad in the most elaborate settings ever devised even by Professor Herkomer in his wildest dreams?

The remarks concerning the personal appearance of Cardinal Wolsey contained in "Before the Footlights" last week have been widely commented on. Some of our correspondents are anxious to know more about the matter; for in their English histories, from Rapin to Froude, they find no mention of the assertion we made that Wolsey had lost the sight of one of his eyes.

There has always existed a persistent tradition that this great Cardinal obstinately refused to have his portrait painted otherwise than in profile. Traditions of this sort "have an origin"; and although historians, who very rarely condescend to give any details as to the personal appearance of the personages whose career they narrate, do not mention this blindness, yet in the State Papers there will be found several broad hints relating to it. But, before proceeding further, we will give the following translation from a letter, addressed to his house in Genoa, by the rich merchant Tomaso Spinola, who lived in London throughout the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary. This personage, who doubtless acted as a sort of Genoese Consul in London—the Ligurian Republic was not always represented officially at our Court by an ambassador, as was the Venetian—is probably the same individual as the well-known Tomaso Spinelly, who is so frequently mentioned in Messrs. Brewer and Gairdner's works on the State Papers of the reign of Henry VIII. (Master of the Rolls series). In a letter addressed to Genoa from London in 1526 he says of Wolsey, "This Cardinal is a big, tall, stout, coarse (*grossolano*) man, with a broad fine face, very pale, and marked with large pimples, notably under the nose and on the chin. He has lost an eye, they say from the results of an ugly illness—*vergognosa malattia*." Spinola, or Spinelly, does not tell us which eye was missing; but, as the well-known portrait by Holbein is drawn from the left profile, it was probably the right side of the face which was injured. A large pimple or wen is seen on the upper lip under the nostril, and there is a protuberance on the chin. There are very few original portraits of Wolsey extant, and they are all in profile from left to right but one, and this was possibly traced, and thus reversed in reproduction. At the Tudor Exhibition there were only three portraits of Wolsey shown. Two exquisite, but little-known, drawings of Wolsey by Holbein are preserved at the Record Office, and they are in profile from left to right. At the British Museum there are about fifty engraved portraits of Wolsey, all of them in profile, and dating from the middle of the sixteenth century to our time. Some of them are reversed; but as the wen or pimple on the upper lip is shown in all of them, the reversal is evidently, as already intimated, merely the result of tracing for reproduction. In Mr. Gairdner's admirably edited *Calendar of State Papers* (Master of the Rolls series) for 1530, among the grave charges brought against Wolsey is one of a particularly coarse character. It refers, in extremely plain language, to that *vergognosa malattia* mentioned by Spinola. Skelton and Roy, the satirical poets, who detested Wolsey, declared that his face was disfigured by pock-marks, and Skelton adds that he was

So full of melancholy,
With a flap afore his eye—
"Why came ye not to Court?"—V. 1165.

Apparently this "flap" alludes to a hanging or drooping eyelid, or else to some leathern flap worn to screen a ruined eye. Skelton also tells us that Dr. Balthazar, Queen Katherine's surgeon, was on one occasion employed by Wolsey for a complaint of the eye. We may, therefore, safely conclude by this contemporary evidence that, if Mr. Irving were to represent Wolsey as accurately as some of our critics would wish him, he would have to have a "flap eye," and several exceedingly large pimples.

The *Crusaders* have ceased their mission of endeavouring "to reform London" at the Avenue; indeed, they were never very successful in the attempt, and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "spiritual comedy" *Judah* has taken the place of the clever but unsatisfac-

tory work above mentioned. Miss Olga Brandon reappeared on Saturday night last as Vashti Dethie, and hers is an admirable impersonation of this interesting but most unnatural character. Mr. Vanderfelt now assumes the part of the mystical young clergyman, originally created by Mr. Willard, and generally we preferred him to that actor. He is certainly much more sympathetic, and if the "inner spirit," as it seems it should be called, was not as forcibly expressed, it was, perhaps, after all, as well. We are no great admirer of the Rev. Judah Llewellyn, whose wisdom in not detecting an impudent imposition from the first we question, and whose poor imitation of Victor Hugo's Monseigneur, in not telling even a white lie, we do not believe in. What was sublime in the old Bishop is silly in the young Dissenting parson. Mr. Sant Matthews is delightful as the sceptical Professor, and Miss Gertrude Warden plays very well the part of his wife. The *clou de la pièce*, however, on Saturday last was Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's little before-the-curtain speech at the close of the entertainment. Never can we forget his delightful ingenuity as he assured his audience that he felt amazement that there was no hissing, such as had marred his enjoyment on the occasion of the first performance of *The Crusaders*, but quite the contrary. The public had endorsed his opinion of *Judah*, which was a very high one, very. In point of fact, *Judah* was a great favourite with him—its author. Such a manifestation "of true inwardness and spirit of grace" as this touched us deeply, and, as we wished *Judah* a prosperous run, we could not forbear rejoicing that there exists at least one man in this frivolous age of ours who takes himself seriously.

A little operetta in two acts entitled *Hydropathy*, words by Mr. W. Boyce, and the music by Mr. Davies, was lately produced at Myddelton Hall. The libretto is neatly constructed and the lyrics are graceful. The music is lively and one or two of the songs exceedingly pretty.

Owing to the continued illness of Mr. Corney Grain, Miss Nellie Ganthorn has replaced him with great success at the German Reed's entertainment during the present week.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. T. N. Wenman, a distinguished member of Mr. Irving's troupe, who played the Duke of Norfolk in *Henry VIII.* only last week, and of the Marquis Capranica del Grillo, the esteemed husband of Madame Ristori.

Two new plays will be produced this evening. *Blue-eyed Susan*, a comic opera at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The libretto is by Messrs. Pettitt and Sims, the music by Mr. Oswald Carr. The *Great Metropolis* will be played for the first time at the Princess's. On Tuesday evening next Mr. C. Wyndham will appear in Mr. Henry J. Byron's *Fourteen Days* at the Criterion Theatre.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

"A DUBLIN Journalist," writing of early Irish newspapers, has said "the only Irish newspaper of the present day which dates from the 18th century is the *Freeman's Journal*." But a sheet which enjoys the distinction of having been named from a gloomy distance by Schopenhauer in his biggest book, the *Limerick Chronicle*, dates from 1766; and had a still more venerable predecessor in the *Limerick News Letter*, an old number of which, printed by Thomas Brangan in Key [Quay] Lane, "will prove an excuse" for a brief retrospect.

It opens in a business-like way with "Friday, April the 12th, 1717. This Morning arriv'd 3 Packets from Great-Britain which brought the following News." And its first item is explained when we remember that 1717 was also the year of Prince Eugene's famous victories over the Turk at Peterwaradin and Belgrade five months later (5th and 16th August):—

Paris, March 21. The Princes and Lords of this Court who designed to make the Campaign in Hungary, have changed their Mind, because the Regent did not think fit they should go.

London, March 30. This Dry (30th) the Commons order'd a Clause in the Irish Linren Bill, to prevent the exportation of Wool or Wooling Manufactures for Ireland.

This "for" should, of course, be *from*; and the law had to be repealed at the petition of Yorkshire in 1752 and 1753.

Charles XII. was then exasperated against George I. as Elector of Hanover for confederating against him, and buying the duchies of Bremen and Verden behind his back, and so breathed fiery vengeance against the same monarch as King of England. Accordingly, we read:—

Hamburg, March 20. 'Tis said that his Swedish Majesty resenting the Loss of Bremen and Vehrden, designs to invade Scotland.

Hamburg, April 4. They Write from Sweden that the King goes in Person on the intended Expedition and leaves the Duke of Holstein Commander of the rest of the Forces during his Absence.

Hague, April 8. It is reported that the late Duke of Ormond and the late Earl of Mar are arriv'd in Sweden.

What a fund of anxious loyalty ("Hibernior" too) lurks in that "late." But they had, as a fact, been both burnt in effigy, with the Devil, the Pope and the Pretender, at Oxford in the teeth of the Gowns.

London, March 28, 30, April 2. In Pies Occurrence of this Days Post says 'tis reported that the Earl of Mar is returned to Scotland. They write from Paris that the Duke of Leeds and several other Rebellious Jacobite Lords were Embarked at Haver de Grace for Sweden.

Several other Swedish Capers or Privateers have taken in the Chanel 15 or 16 prizes.

We have an Account from Edinburgh that a Ship has been seen for several Days off of the Coast, about Peterhead a Sounding. But nothing as yet appears either by Land or Sea. There is Advice that the Fleet sailed yesterday (April the First) from the Buoy in the Nore.

This was Sir George Byng's fleet, which arrived in the Sound on the 6th of May. All this business caused great fuss in the House of Commons, two changes of Ministry, and an eventual vote of 250,000*l.* to our Elector of Hanover.

There were eight advertisements in the *News Letter*, distinguished by a hand. The first it pointed to runs:—

If any Gentleman or others have a Mind for the House of Park formerly mentioned in this Paper. Proposals will be receiv'd by the Widow Power. There was also

A convenient House in Bow-Lane, with Large High Old Walls, with a Large Linney therein, with a Stable and Garden, and other convenient Offices, to be set for a Year or Years. Enquire of William Norris near St. Munchion's Church, who has Extraordinary choice Deal Boards, Ash-Poles, Oak-Rafters, and Joice [Joists] cut three Years ago.

At Mr. Paul Faryes is to be Sold Extraordinary good red and white French Wine, at nine shillings per Dozen, Lisbon and Barcelona red Wine, Canary, Sherry, Brandy, Esquebath, at Reasonable Rates.

The Methuen Treaty of 1703 with Portugal did not run in Ireland, and so French wines were still cheap.

But the sensation of this *News Letter* was a sermon just preached by a Protestant clergyman:

April 12. On Sunday the twenty-fourth of last Month, Mr. Breviter, a Clergyman, had the Honour to Preach in the Cathedral of this City . . . He drew a great many scandalous and seditious inferences; such as running a Parallel between his present Majesty King George, and Nebuchadnezzar, and between the Three Children who were thrown into the fiery Furnace for not worshipping the Image, and the Clergy and others of the Church, who will not adore his Majesty. . . . The next Morning, the Mayor, Col. Ramsey, and Col. Robt. went to the Bishop and complain'd; In Answer to which his Lordship imply'd, "That he by no means lik'd the Sermon, and had at his coming home declar'd to his Family, that he believ'd such a Sermon would give Disgust to the People."

However Mr. Breviter, when severely reprimanded, set the Bishop at defiance, saying very rudely, "he was no Diocesan of his."

The following Night, the Mob, encouraged by his Sermon, and hapes of an Invasion, broke the Windows of the Meeting-House, with Stones. The next Night after, there was a Gallows erected in the Street by some honest Gentlemen, whereon was hanged a DOG [the dog it was that died] with a piece of Paper about his Neck, wherein was written at large, Remember Parson Paul's Fate O Breviter: And under that, "Felix quam faciunt aliena pericula cautum, &c." [We have written what they have written.]

N.B. He preach'd the same Sermon at Kilkenny the third of March last, and fled for the same, as he has done from hence, before he could be brought to Justice.

It was in this very year that Convocation was busy with Dr. Hoadley's famous "Preservative against the principles and practices of the Non-jurors," which ended in its long-long prorogation for a time and half a time.

The pleasing inconsequence of breaking the windows of a meeting-house because "hopes of an invasion" were raised, "but none knows how," by a sermon in a cathedral, was a "thranse-ction upon Shannon shore" directly ancestral and prophetic of the populace that 131 years later "tuck the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store," and "smashed its lovely windies (hung with muslin from the Indies)," in another and more famous "Battle of Limerick."

And the inconsequence and the misprints continued galore in the local journal. Thus it little matters whether it was the *Chronicle* or the *News Letter* that printed "No corn now comes to market except that sold for seed potatoes"; or this other, a good many hard years ago, "The Royal British Bank has declared a final dividend of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the pound," which was a compositor's happy thought, if he had in his mind deadlands and John Sadleir's Tipperary Bank. On the 28th of an October, one of its famous short paragraphs ran:—"A beautiful humming bird has made its appearance on the grounds of Wyndam Q. Going, Esq., J.P., Violet Hill, co. Clare." Here was yet another strange "Invasion." But the gem of a small collection was found at the bottom of a column where it was presumably spun in (and out) in a hurry to fill up space. It ran thus, verbatim:—

Two parties named Salmon and Gaynor, brother and sister, quarrelled about the right of property in a spade. The latter retained possession of the disputed article and went to the bog of Carrighorr to cut turf, when

they were followed and beaten and left for dead by the former, who have absconded, the man's life is in danger.

But Schopenhauer really and truly did, in chapter xlviii. of the Fourth Book of his *magnum opus*, actually cite the paper as authority for the incidents of the hanging in 1837 of one Maria Cooney for the frightful murder of Mistress Anderson, on which occasion the culprit penitentially kissed the rope. *Mais que diable Schopenhauer allait-il faire dans ce galimatias?*

RACING.

WHEN the *Calendar* comes out with the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, the followers of racing at once become interested in their favourite amusement. For some reason or other, Messrs. Weatherby issued the *Official Racing Calendar* on Wednesday instead of Thursday, and a perusal of its pages has caused a feeling of satisfaction that the various handicaps, for which the acceptances are now to hand, are likely to prove interesting in their issues. If the success or non-success of the various handicappers is to be measured by the proportion of the acceptances, then the race that stands first on the list under the heading "Intelligence Extra," certainly to many persons would seem to be the most unsuccessful of the series. This is the race for the Babraham Plate. For those who do not follow racing very closely, we may say that the Jockey Club Stewards launched out into novel conditions for this race, inasmuch as they advertised in the *Calendar*, as a supplementary condition of the Babraham Plate, that the handicaps should be made by three anonymous handicappers appointed by the Stewards, that owners might accept for any or each of the handicaps, and that the one which obtained the greatest number of acceptances should be the handicap for the race. The Babraham Plate of 500 *sovs.* run over the Rowley Mile, under such novel conditions, obtained the large entry of ninety-two—in fact, a larger entry than any of the recognized Spring Handicaps. As there was only a liability of one sovereign for non-acceptors, and as owners, and especially members of the Jockey Club who are owners of horses, probably wished to show their approval of the new scheme—the large entry of ninety-two can be explained—and no one at all versed in Turf matters would have expected a larger acceptance. No. II. proved to have the largest number—namely, twenty-four; No. I. having twenty-two, and No. III. nineteen. The secret as to the names of the handicappers was wonderfully well kept, nor did the *Calendar* afford any information as to the successful compiler of the weights; but the ruling authorities probably feel that their choice in the matter was not a leap in the dark. The March Stakes at the First Spring Meeting is a weight-for-age race, with penalties and allowances over the Rowley Mile, and it has obtained a very fair and good class entry of thirty-two. The Lincoln Handicap, with its acceptance of forty-one out of sixty-two, must be a source of satisfaction to Mr. W. J. Ford, a most careful and painstaking official. At a cursory glance over the weights we certainly think that, if Bumptious and Clarence are trained for this event, they should prove very dangerous antagonists for the best of their opponents. Bumptious is not usually considered as really being able to stay a mile; but he has won over a mile in gallant style, and we do not forget that in the Cambridgeshire he seemed to have won at that distance.

The Northamptonshire Stakes and Spencer Plate do not nowadays provoke the competition or excitement of years ago, before such races as the Kempton Jubilee were thought of; but the acceptances for these races are very satisfactory. Mr. Dorling should be quite satisfied with his efforts "to bring them together" in the Metropolitan and City and Suburban at Epsom. The former long-distance race, however, does not contain the names of many high-class animals, and we fancy that the staying Collina, trained by W. P. Anson at Malton, may prove a hard nut to crack by Southern horses if she is prepared for this race. The City and Suburban, which has long been a most popular race with the public, has an excellent acceptance of fifty-three out of seventy-seven entries. Here, again, we think the North of England holds a very fair chance of winning with a handy speedy mare called Alice, trained by Harry Hull at Middleham, and which animal seems to us to be possibly underrated with 7 *st.* 9 *lbs.* Mr. Quartermain East should also have a chance with Dorice, four years, 6 *st.* 12 *lbs.*

Major Egerton has been most successful with his work in the Doveridge Handicap Stakes at Derby, as thirty-six are content, out of an entry of fifty-four, and we are pretty sure to have a big field for this event, as Derby, with its straight course, excellent train service, and superlative stable arrangements, is most popular with both owners and trainers. The Chester Cup is an old-

fashioned race that cannot reasonably be expected to hold its own against its younger and more formidable rivals; but, out of forty-two entries, thirty remain in, and we hope to see a race round the grand old Roodee that will prove interesting to the enormous crowds that always attend the Chester Cup. If Sir R. Jardine's Colonist comes fit and well to the post, we should fancy his chance immensely, though we are aware that last year his trainer could not train him for his autumn engagements. The Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes has been a great success since its institution, the victories of Bendigo and Minting therein having been the cause of much of its popularity; for the public love to see good horses with heavy weights successful in handicaps. Here we find that twenty-two have not accepted out of an entry of sixty-six, so that, with forty-four left in, we have plenty of material for an interesting and exciting contest. The Major appears to us to have made a very good handicap, and at present we shall not attempt to make a selection for this race. The last of the handicaps in the *Calendar* is of a very different nature—namely, the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, which has obtained forty-eight acceptances out of sixty-six entries, a result that must be quite satisfactory to the adjusters of the weights for this race. This event has always maintained its popularity as the greatest cross-country race in the kingdom, and on a fine day there are few more exciting scenes to be witnessed than the contest for the Grand National. Our Irish neighbours every year have a good horse or two, which adds zest to the rivalry. Why Not, a very stout, if slightly unfortunate, horse has declined the contest, with 12 st. 7 lbs., which leaves Mr. G. Masterman's Ilex, handicapped at 12 st. 5 lbs., now, under the conditions which govern the National Hunt Rules, at the not very enviable position of top weight with 12 st. 7 lbs. Next comes Cloister, whom many thought unlucky only to be second last year, with 12 st. 3 lbs., followed by Roman Oak with 12 st. If a field of twenty horses, well trained, well schooled, and well ridden, come to the post, that number is quite enough to give us a most interesting race. As to other cross-country encounters, a perusal of the *Calendar* leads us to infer that the new rendezvous at Gatwick, which takes the place of Croydon, now departed from the fixtures, has already become popular amongst the lovers of cross-country sport. It has secured large entries and adequate acceptances, though the weights are not all published as yet, as the Wickham Hurdle Race, with the enormous entry of eighty-two horses, will not appear in its handicap form until March 3. Kempton and Sandown, too, look as if they would be successful meetings; and a long advertisement of the programme of the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park, on March 11th and 12th, tells us that our soldiers have an eye to comfort and convenience for their annual gathering.

After so much severe weather this winter, trainers will have difficulty in getting some of their horses fit for their early engagements—perhaps it was for this cause that the good colt Huntingdon has not accepted for any handicaps except the City and Suburban, for which he certainly is treated with more leniency than was shown to him in the Kempton Jubilee. Owners and trainers can know very little of their two-year-olds as yet, though of course there have been the usual stories of some of great excellence for the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby are not likely to cause very much excitement as long as Orme keeps well, though Colonel North has supported two animals of his, the colt El Diablo and the filly Lady Hermit, in sensational wagers for the Derby. Mr. Hume Webster's shocking death by his own hand has, at all events for a time, rendered the probability of Ormonde's return to this country a very remote contingency. We have before written that we should believe in his return when it was an accomplished fact and not before, and we also said that, as we believed he left his country for his country's good, we personally should not have hailed his coming back again to England with pleasure. No doubt if his son Orme maintains his two-year-old supremacy in the great three-year-old races this season, and if Ormonde is not, as is rumoured, taken to North America, we shall hear that negotiations are again in progress for his repurchase for this country. But, supposing that Orme is afflicted in his wind, and that from this cause he does not win the Derby, and if in addition another son, Goldfinch, does not prove a successful racer, and the colt Glenwood, for which Mr. Singer gave 5,000*l.* and contingencies last year, should turn out unremunerative to his owner, then indeed should we do well to leave Ormonde where he is. Truth to tell, Glenwood does not seem to create a sensation at Newmarket, as the touts do not give a favourable account of him, and perhaps Mr. Singer may regret his large outlay, when he compares it with the 4,000 guineas he is said to have given for Tyrant, who was a proved good horse, and who won some good races after his purchase, and has also a certain value at the stud.

The present week's cross-country meeting at Leicester calls for little comment. The weather was exceedingly cold, and the attendance meagre. People who went hoping to see Mr. Rose's Sarah Bernhardt run in the Wigston Steeplechase were much disappointed, as she had been very negligently entered as an aged mare instead of a six-year-old; so there was no chance of starting her. She has been so much talked of for the Grand National that great curiosity was evinced to have a look at her. After the races on Tuesday she had a gallop twice round the steeplechase course, and gave her admirers every hope that she would show to advantage in the Grand National, for which her weight is, now that the handicap is raised 2 lbs., 11 st. 4 lbs. The Duke of Beaufort's great hurdle-racehorse Benburb, whilst carrying the top-weight, 12 st. 10 lbs., in the Leicester Hurdle-race, was the victim of bad luck in the race, as he jumped into a hurdle that had been knocked out of the ground by a horse in front of him, and came down heavily about three-quarters of a mile from the finish. The second day at Leicester was, indeed, a poor day's sport—five races only (as an overnight steeplechase had failed to fill). One race was void, another a walk-over; so there were only three contests to look at—a truly poor show!

THE MAIN POINT.

THE Nation's Pride is all that we could wish;
He's full of fight, he's spoiling for the fray;
He keenly yearns the Government to dish;
But for the present—he will stay away.

He will arrive in town on Monday next,
At seven P.M., or maybe not so soon,
And will confront his enemies perplexed
In Parliament the following afternoon.

No; he will go to Hawarden for a week,
And toast his toes before the blazing log.
He much desires on the Address to speak;
But good Sir Andrew whispers "London fog."

At present his intention, we conceive,
Is to avoid all risk of a mischance;
So, it is understood, he will not leave
For ten days more the sunny shores of France.

A fortnight longer, at the very least,
His sojourn in the South he will extend,
Because our English death-rate has increased,
And warnings reach him from a watchful friend.

'Twas Mr. M-r-l-y, writing with regret,
Of influenza, and in gloomy strain
Reporting that no change seems likely yet
To close its ancient pulmonary reign.

But this in other quarters men deny,
And eagerly their own conviction urge,
That the illustrious statesman will defy
The impious menace of this lingering scourge.

While others yet assert that, though 'tis true
The Nation's Glory his return postpones,
'Tis not at Mr. M-r-l-y's instance, who
All intermeddling with his plans disowns.

But good Gladstonians are all agreed
That, whether he return from France or stay,
Their leader is in perfect form—indeed,
Chockful of fight, and spoiling for the fray.

REVIEWS.

POEMS BY THE WAY.*

NO help is lent us in the volume itself to find out exactly how much of Mr. Morris's *Poems by the Way* are new; the exquisite *Garden by the Sea* certainly appeared long ago, and perhaps there is nothing in the book to equal the lines

For which I cry both day and night,
For which I let slip all delight,
Whereby I grow both deaf and blind,
Careless to win, unskilled to find,
And quick to lose what all men seek.

* *Poems by the Way.* By William Morris. London: Reeves & Turner.

Yet, tottering as I am and weak,
Still have I left a little breath
To seek within the jaws of death
An entrance to that happy place,
To seek the unforgotten face
Once seen, once kissed, once left from me
Anigh the murmuring of the sea.

A very different piece, "The Day is Coming," is also oldish, though not so old, nor one-tenth so good; and others seem more or less familiar; but it is courtesy to take whatsoever a poet puts forth without "new edition" on the title-page as new, and we shall take it so.

The constituents of the book arrange themselves in two very different classes, though they are printed, probably of set purpose, at haphazard. The smaller class in number, and quite apart from their "intolerable humanitarian purpose," the infinitely worse as poems, are examples of Mr. Morris's almost pathetically crude Socialism, which takes for granted, first, that you can somehow or other annihilate at a blow the results of long centuries of the working of natural forces, and, secondly, that you can by some unexplained means keep the said natural forces from getting to work again. We confess that it is to us one of the most surprising of things how a man of such genius can propose to himself to substitute in sober fact the life of the fabled Arcadia for the life of the nineteenth century. But to argue with a dreamer of this kind would be like arguing with the poor creatures in certain public establishments who believe that they are queens of England or founders of the Christian religion. It is enough to say here that Mr. Morris's poetic faculty deserts him in the most curious way when he has gotten to his Socialism, and that, save for his being never exactly commonplace, we might then fancy ourselves at Penbryn instead of on Parnassus.

With the other section it is very different. Except in the exquisite piece above quoted and in one or two others, Mr. Morris is not at his very best—the best which broke out on an unheeding generation with *The Defence of Guinevere*, and which was perhaps last at its full strength in *Sigurd*. But he is always a poet, though a poet who has partly lost his craft by the following of wandering lights, and by the ebbing of youth; for though the very greatest poets' souls let in new light through chinks that time hath made, those of the others do not. The last piece of the volume, for instance, "Goldilocks and Goldilocks," is a very pleasant romaunt in itself. But, unluckily, its theme (for both deal with the rescuing of a golden-haired damsel who is thrall to a hideous witch)—recalls inevitably one of the most delightful things in *The Defence of Guinevere*. And, alas! poor Goldilocks lives but in the light of common day compared with the fairy radiance that surrounded Rapunzel and surrounds her still. There are even more marvels, just as in the later additions to the *Amadis* the giants get more numerous and taller; but we are with Esplandian and Lisuarte, not with Amadis and Galaor. Still, you may be very much worse off than in the former company, and you may be infinitely worse off than with *Poems by the Way* for reading. There are more of those Northern romances, paraphrased or invented, which Mr. Morris loves so untiringly and does so well—"The Wooing of Hallbiorn the Strong," "The Raven and the King's Daughter," "Hildebrand and Hallelil," "Hafbur and Signy," and a fine *Geste* in miniature of "The King of Denmark's Sons." There are English romances of a very indefinite period, such as "The Hall and the Wood." There are some pieces half-personal, half-fantastic, like "Mother and Son," and "The Half of Life Gone," and there are not a few which are none of these things, but just poetry. Of such "Meeting in Winter" is beautiful, too long to quote as a whole, but with an exquisite close:—

Oh! my love, how sweet and sweet
Is the kissing of thy feet,
When the fire is sunk low,
And the hall, made empty now,
Groweth solemn, dim, and vast.

Of not a few others nearly as much may be said; but let us end with a whole piece, and an admirable one:—

SPRING'S BEDFELLOW.

Spring went about the woods to-day,
The soft-foot winter thief,
And found where idle Sorrow lay
Between the flower and leaf.

She looked on him and found him fair
For all she had been told,
She knelt down beside him there,
And sang of days of old.

His open eyes beheld her nought,
Yet 'gan his lips to move:
But life and deeds were in her thought
And he would sing of love.

So sang they till their eyes did meet,
And faded fear and shame,
More bold he grew and she more sweet
Until they sang the same—

Until, say they who know the thing,
Their very lips did kiss,
And Sorrow laid a-bed with Spring
Begot an earthly bliss.

NOVELS.*

THE Lady of Cawnpore is a very fair example of the average modern novel, putting that average somewhat low. It has all the salient peculiarities of that type of fiction, including a rather elaborate external binding, a background of strange lands, and a rather full outline of a new—or old—creed called by the particularly offensive appellation of a "wisdom-religion," a sort of revival of Esoteric Buddhism born out of due time, and expounded by a gentleman "more than six feet high, and proportionally built," named Halkar Zemindra. The book is the joint production of two authors, and, except as a study in collaboration, cannot be conscientiously described as interesting. From internal evidence we should say that one of the authors knew a little about India and the other a little about New York boarding-houses, so they joined forces, and with a few hints from, say, *The Light of Asia*, or *Esoteric Buddhism*, produced *The Lady of Cawnpore*. On the whole, we prefer the part we imagine to be written by the boarding-house expert, who has a lighter touch than his confrère, and sometimes writes amusingly. The book is written in American, which accounts for such curious statements as the following:—"In her youth, the word 'bud' as it is now prettily used in its girlish designation was unknown." Curiously enough in this benighted island at least it remains still "unknown," nor do we regret it in the touching manner in which the author (or authors) seem to do. Finally, the story partakes of the modern novel type in that it is in one volume; but the reader or reviewer loses rather than gains by this arrangement, as it is quite long enough for the regulation number of tomes, and is only compressed in dimensions by the aid of irritatingly small type.

Mrs. Walford never writes a dull novel, and *A Pinch of Experience*, though absurdly named, is certainly not dull. It is written with all the light touch which we associate with her work, and if it had not been carried so sternly to its logical conclusion would have made very pleasant reading. But it deals in the main with sordid vulgar people, and though in the earlier chapters they are sketched with charmingly delicate sarcasm, as the book goes on they are taken more seriously, and become proportionately more disagreeable to read about. In the earlier chapters, too, they do not fill the whole canvas, and the dear courteous old squire and his wife, both sympathetically and charmingly sketched, serve as a foil to them; but the last half of the novel, peopled as it is exclusively with vulgar, niggardly, and more than half-dishonest people, becomes, we will not say wearisome, but distasteful. We are in bad company and we do not enjoy it. The heroine, Rhoda Lupton, is delightfully drawn, but, saving for her and her parents, we part company with the whole cast without a pang.

We find Leslie Lacroix, in the earliest pages of the volume which bears her name, in an agony of grief over the deathbed of her mother. She proclaims aloud to the unhearing Heavens that, if the beloved life is spared, she "will be a fanatic, will bow the knee in every church in Europe, will live only to adore." This handsome offer being disregarded, her after-career degenerates into a sort of emotional nightmare. Despite the possibility of uniting herself with a tenderly-loved boy-cousin with no blacker attributes than a reedy voice and an inordinate difficulty in passing his Little-go, she, almost immediately after her bereavement, begins to draw the family doctor into the "magnetism of passion," to which, with an indiscretion wholly foreign to the ordinary habits of the medical profession, he—a married man withal—lays himself sadly open. For the short remnant of her life she is either "bathed in the sheet-lightning of passion," or has "murder running in her veins." Finally she is killed, and if any would know how, let them try to tackle this turgid work. Peradventure they may succeed in plodding on to the end. The book may be easily recognized externally by its binding—one of the most awful ever conceived. A sprawling red flower, with leaves of a bad green, lies limply over a black cover, like the old "floral" Christmas card of the worst period.

Mr. Donnelly's serious works—*The Great Cryptogram* and the "Atlantis" book, whose exact title, in the words of an historic character, we "misremember"—have always seemed to us so overlaid with fiction that we are not surprised, *per contra*, to find his novel proportionately overlaid with a serious purpose, and so lacking in most of the legitimate interest belonging to a work of fiction. The events which *Dr. Huguet* records are at least as bewildering as *The Great Cryptogram*. A considerable portion is filled with addresses delivered by Dr. Huguet to white or coloured audiences—whether in the body or out of the body Heaven knoweth, since the whereabouts of the Doctor's soul is a matter

* *The Lady of Cawnpore*. By Frank Vincent and Albert Edmund Lancaster. 1 vol. New York: Funk & Wagnall.

A Pinch of Experience. By L. B. Walford. With Illustrations by Gordon Browne. 1 vol. London: Methuen & Co.

Leslie. By the Author of "A Modern Milkmaid." 1 vol. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

Dr. Huguet. By Ignatius Donnelly. 1 vol. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1892.

A Pair of Originals. By E. Ward. With Illustrations. 1 vol. London: Seeley & Co. 1892.

The Rector of Amesty. By John Ryce. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Misadventure. By W. E. Norris. 1 vol. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

The Penance of Portia James. By Tasma. 1 vol. London: William Heinemann.

for conjecture throughout most of the book. For, by misadventure, he has exchanged souls with a full-blooded and most villainous African, and only by a most opportune re-exchange does he succeed in avoiding the penalty of the other's misdeeds. As it is, the African is hanged as high as Haman, and we are thus taught the innate superiority of the black over the white—at least the author seems to think so. Any novel which sets out with the deliberate intention of preaching so absurd a theory seals its own doom, in our opinion, and might just as well never have emerged beyond the MS. stage. There is not a shadow of justification for such a thesis, unless the whole work is intended as a rather obscure jest. On the whole, we rather hope it is; but, alas! we have no great confidence that it will turn out so well.

The latter part of the nineteenth century will go down to posterity as having produced very many bad novels and very many excellent children's books, many of them absolutely in the first rank of juvenile literature. It may be invidious to mention names, but every good critic would place *The Story of a Short Life* and both the "Alices" among perfect models of what children's books should be. Thus, the field is a good one, and a weak horse stands no chance, and we are afraid that *A Pair of Originals* is a distinctly weak horse. The intention of the book is as excellent as its illustrations are execrable, and we regret to have to vote the thing a bore, as the poet sings. It gives a pretty picture of country life in an old priory, and the first half of it is what we should describe as "mildly readable"; after that point it becomes dreary past expression, being devoted to an attempt to make children understand what "responsibilities" are, a knowledge they would be much better without, and one very difficult, apparently, to inculcate, at least by Miss Ward's methods. The argument, put syllogistically, runs somewhat as follows—but no, like most people's arguments, and all children's, it cannot be put syllogistically, having no middle term. However, somehow the idea of responsibilities leads the two children, who, we need hardly say, are the pair of originals—to adopt two gipsy children with measles, and there you have the central incident. The rest of the book consists of the usual incidents, such as rick fires and "the child's first falsehood," and so on. The older characters are, on the whole, less wearying than the younger, and we think Miss Ward might with advantage eschew children in all future literary productions in favour of their elders.

The Rector of Amesty is in no sense the history of the unfortunate gentleman whose name it bears. Elderly and infirm of purpose, the Rev. Marmaduke Archibald Armiston is married out of hand in about the middle of the first volume to a very terrible virago, and forthwith fades out of sight till recalled to the memory of the reader by falling a victim to paralysis in one of the concluding chapters. The book is a wearisome chronicle of the insignificant or unworthy actions of persons who are either infinitely dull or astonishingly wicked. Their standard of mind and manners might be possible in an old-fashioned country town, through which a course or two of University Extension Lectures had been hastily forced, exciting a sort of spurious intelligence, which finds vent in inapt quotation and crude metaphor. The style is a curious compound of silliness and flowery language, witness, vol. i. p. 123:—"The stars were rapidly disappearing, hasting to efface themselves before the advent of the King of Day, when Hubert Crofton, obedient to that principle of self-effacement which dominated his whole nature, quietly re-entered the vicarage garden." From which we gather that, if you are not blessed—or cursed—with "obedience to a principle of self-effacement," you would habitually enter a vicarage garden shouting a popular ditty, or to the sound of loud cymbals, or otherwise misconducting yourself. Which only shows how singularly real life differs from the strange substitute depicted in the novel before us.

Misadventure is merely a new edition in one volume of what was three before, in the language of the poet. Moreover, there is absolutely no acknowledgment of the fact on the title-page, which is, to our mind, a most unfortunate omission. Doubtless in the case of novels by a man of the calibre of Mr. Norris, we all know their titles as they come out, and, when we hear the name, recall at once how long ago it was when we first heard it. But this is not the case with all novelists who reprint their works in one volume with no recognition of their first appearance on the title-page. Supposing it should turn out—which we are glad to think improbable—that the *Lady of Cawnpore* has appeared originally in three or two volumes, and that the single tome here reviewed was only a reprint, would not the reviewer feel justly annoyed at having written his criticisms in ignorance of the fact, and expressed himself about it as though it had been a new work demanding a different kind of notice from that which is meted out to a mere reprint? Wherefore we think Messrs. Griffith & Farran would do well in future to notify whether a novel is a new one or merely a new edition. As to *Misadventure* itself, it is a clever story written in Mr. Norris's ever-pleasing style. The characters are almost all well conceived and executed, particularly the fascinating old Squire, Mr. Bligh, and the equally charming Anglo-Russian personage, Mark Chetwode. We are sorry he had to kill himself at the end of the book, but we quite admit that the exigencies of fiction demanded it. We are more sorry that the heroine had to marry that very stupid young man Mr. Bobby Dare; but then, again, we suppose it was unavoidable, and a heroine must bow to the

matrimonial prejudices of all novel-readers. How bored she would become with him before a year had passed is, of course, neither here nor there. Mr. Norris's style is particularly lucid and charming. We could almost have it in our hearts to wish that he would sacrifice the rest of his days to teaching our younger—and older—novelists how to handle the Queen's English; but that is really too much to expect, and would, besides, be cruel to Mr. Norris and those who look for his novels.

"Tasma," in the last novel of our batch, has had the courage to refuse to bow the knee to the match-making proclivities of the reader of fiction. The temptation, which must have been wellnigh irresistible, to kill off an unsatisfactory husband, run over him in a dog-cart, or kill him in a railway accident, has been successfully resisted, and the swain who has what we may call a reversionary interest in Portia James is left at the end of the novel unconsolated. Bohemian life in Paris, and how it grates on the correctly-brought-up Portia, is very well described. The unconsolated swain above-mentioned, whose name is Harry Todhurst, is somewhat of a lay figure; but he upholds a high standard of conduct under difficulties, and, though by so doing he replaces the heroine whom he loves in the arms of a singularly obnoxious Squatter, he delivers her from troubles and temptations which her rather invertebrate, though otherwise charming, character was quite unable to cope with unaided. The Squatter, by the way, though rather a horrid person at the best, is, to our thinking, rather unsympathetically treated by the novelist, whose conception of him and his character lacks breadth. Doubtless he is a man of strong animal and sensual tendencies; but such people often have, and the Squatter in question certainly had, good points, and these are not sufficiently taken into consideration by "Tasma," who in consequence has painted him somewhat out of drawing, and made him more detestable than he need have been. It is something, however, that *Portia James* is not disfigured with the trivial and wearisome quotations from prose and verse with which the author of *The Rector of Amesty*, for example, has adorned his pages, and we are grateful for the reprieve.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES.*

IT would be easy to dismiss the Occult Sciences, on a familiar model, in a single chapter:—"THE OCCULT SCIENCES. There are no Occult Sciences." The statement would be no less truthful than terse. A science is an affair of laws, the so-called Occult Sciences contain some empirical directions, lost in the densest and dullest fog of foolish verbiage. The whole repertory of Astrology, Alchemy, Rosicrucianism, Chiromancy, Necromancy, and the other mancies is mere folk-lore modified by ancient or modern pedantry. Yet Mr. Waite has published, in *The Occult Sciences*, a kind of manual of those delusions, as if there were something valuable in their windy promises. Indeed, he avers that the hermetic sciences are "a method of transcending the phenomenal world, and attaining to the reality which is behind phenomena." Phenomena are as real as anything else. Whatever reality appears to us must, in the very nature of our existence and of language, be a phenomenon. If Lerthexanax or Jopakerheth appeared to the adept, his appearance would be as much a phenomenon as that of a policeman. Mr. Waite thinks that "the conscious evolution of the individual has germinated a new sense, by which he is enabled to appreciate what is inappreciable by the grosser senses." It would be interesting, scientifically, if Mr. Waite could give proofs of the "new sense"; but where are they? Even all this nonsense is not new; and, even if there were a new sense, the things of which it took cognizance would still be phenomena. The microscope reveals things previously unbeheld; but they are none the less phenomenal on that account. If one had developed a new sense, one might perceive spooks, and so forth. But our evidence would be worthless for science, and the bogies would be phenomena, after all. "But, nevertheless, the transcendental philosophy is the one hope of our age, which is sick unto death of its own unprofitable speculations." Then where is the transcendental philosophy? Is a farrago of words by so-called adepts a philosophy? The transcendental philosophy, it seems, "declares that it is possible to know by experimental research that disembodied humanities can and do exist, that there are hierarchies of intelligence above and below humanity," and so on. Well, suppose there are; what then? "It is well worth while to have a guardian angel," the unlucky man complains, in Voltaire's tale. It is well worth while to have heaps of hierarchies which appear to be as valuable as his guardian angel. As to the "experimental research," where is it? We expect to find it in Mr. Waite's book, and we get extracts from Lenormant's *Chaldean Magic*, and from the Books of Moses (Mr. Stainton). But where is the experimental research? Is anything proved by materialized bogies that appear in the dark, when the Medium is not bound hand and foot with sufficient stringency? Is the affable sprite that kissed Mr. Crookes vouched for by experimental research? was she a member of a hierarchy? We find nothing more substantial nor more satisfactorily demonstrated in Mr. Waite's book, which is far from being an enter-

* *The Occult Sciences*. By Arthur Edward Waite. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

taining book. The bush is solemnly beaten, and the witch-hare is never started. The age, if sick of speculation (as it well may be), has plenty of practical business in hand, more than enough. It cannot recover soundness, nor sanity, nor faith by reading *Grimoires* and old bogie books.

There is only one satisfactory way in which this great branch of human error can be studied. History may examine its historical development, beginning with the confusions of savages, the hypothesis of animistic nature, the doctrine of false analogies; by tracing these things upwards through the rituals and magics of the civilized Old World, by comparing them with the practices of modern "spiritualists" and conjurers, while medicine examines the abnormal states of hysteria and trance. These are far from being fully understood, and the existence of these unwholesome conditions has always played its part in every kind of magic.

This is not Mr. Waite's method. He jumps into "White Magic, the Evocation of Angels." Let somebody evoke an angel before the Royal Society, and these angels which can be evoked will rank with microbes and bacilli and other phenomena whose existence can be demonstrated by experimental research. The "mysteries contained in the Hebrew alphabet," with which we are next refreshed, are nonsense. The mysteries contained in the Cypriote syllabary would be just as much to the point. If "the letter jod did once arise and speak to God," let the letter jod arise and speak to a properly qualified epigraphist. If it speaks to Canon Taylor we shall be delighted to hear his account of an interview with the letter jod. The vowels seem to have had a good deal to say to a friend of M. Paul Verlaine's; but this kind of conversation is not experimental research. Mr. Waite himself is not much of a believer in all this Oriental balderdash. It establishes "the exact nature of Kabbalistic conceptions concerning these worlds of invisible intelligences"; but it does not establish that there are such worlds. What the Kabbalist said is not evidence. The most satisfactory formulae for evoking angels are in an anonymous German work, published at Frankfurt in 1686. Aratron teaches us how to turn gold into lead, and appears on Saturdays. The Magus retires to a lonely place, says his prayers, performs ceremonies, and gets into a state when he is uncommonly likely to see anything he pleases. This is not really experimental research. You might as well say you could accelerate the rotation of the globe, and then prove it by spinning round till you could honestly say that everything else was spinning round also. You produce a subjective condition, and expect your account of it to be taken as a proof of objective facts. Mr. Waite thinks that if any modern mystic can evoke angels he has sense enough left to keep the results to himself. "It is the general opinion of modern Occultists that the initiated mystic never discloses anything except to his brother adepts," and they kept their own counsel. Consequently we have only the evidence of "persons who failed in the process, but had advanced as far as a certain point." What point? Where is the use of wasting paper and ink and a reviewer's time over things that even Occultists know nothing about?

Skipping the rest of the *White Magic*, we may try good old Necromancy, evoking souls of the dead. Anybody can fulfil the conditions "who has a little money at command for the purchase of the requisite instruments, and has occasionally the privilege of possessing his soul in solitude."

A little money! Why it would cost thousands. First you take, if possible, the room in which the person to be evoked expired. Then you put up olive-wood shutters (which you must have specially made), and shut them. Then you hang and carpet the whole room with tapestry of emerald green silk, which you must do yourself, with copper nails. You must collect the favourite bric-à-brac of the deceased in the room, or, if the family has disposed of that, a full-length portrait of him in the last suit he wore will suffice. This must be veiled with white silk, fastened up with copper, and crowned with his favourite flowers, say primroses. Before this, erect an altar of white marble, with four columns terminating in bull's feet. A copper five-pointed star must be emblazoned on the altar. In the centre of the star, put a copper chafing-dish full of dry alder and laurel chips. Add a censer full of incense; the skin of a white and spotless ram must be stretched beneath the altar, with a polychrome pentagram. Erect a copper tripod, with a chafing-dish full of olive wood. Get a high candelabrum of bronze, with one pure wax-taper, which alone is lit when you come to business. Enclose altar and tripod with a magnetized iron chain—O shade of Bulwer Lytton!—and with garlands of myrtle, olive, and rose. Facing the portrait on the east put a canopy, draped in emerald silk, and supported by two triangular columns of olive wood, plated with pure copper. At the foot of each column there must be a sphinx of white marble, with hollow heads for spices. The apparition will come off under the canopy. You must wear a vestment of azure, fastened with copper clasps, and one emerald. Crown yourself with a tiara of twelve emeralds and a wreath of violets. A copper ring with a turquoise must be worn. You must wear blue slippers, and carry a swan's-feather fan. A slight refection of bread and wine must be provided. There is a good deal of incense-burning, and prayers after the religion of the defunct—say, those of the U. P. Kirk—must be pronounced. Then the spirit will appear; but it won't tell you what to back for the Derby, nor discover buried treasures; nor, in fact, come to practical business.

This does not appear wholly a frugal kind of ceremony. Let us put it in the form of an account:—

To	£	s.	d.
Four extra bevelled olive-wood shutters	35	0	0
To hangings, ceiling cover, and carpet of emerald silk	300	0	0
To full-length portrait of defunct (Jones, R. A.)	1,000	0	0
To marble altar and fixings	200	0	0
To copper tripod, chafing-dish, censer, candelabrum	75	0	0
To one ram's skin	7	6	
To one magnetized iron chain	1	3	4
To canopy and olive-wood supports, with copper plating	30	0	0
To a pair of white marble sphinxes. Style Empire	100	0	0
To a vestment of azure, copper clasps	10	0	0
To thirteen emeralds at 30s.	390	0	0
To one copper ring with fine Oriental turquoise	20	0	0
To silk slippers	1	10	0
To flowers	5	0	0
Incense and sundries	2	0	0
	£2,169	0	10

It comes to a good deal of money, but a really fine portrait by an eminent artist should not be grudged, and we have stated the emeralds rather low. The authority for all this is a recent French writer, P. Christian, *Histoire de la Magie*, Paris, 1871, 8vo. By the way, sometimes three attempts at intervals of a year are necessary for success, but many of the properties will keep.

"It must be clear from the above ceremonial that there is nothing repellent to the most cultivated spiritual sense in the rites of lawful necromancy." No, they are rather tasteful than otherwise. But we do not think they meet the demands of a democratic age. Many will prefer the common table, and Medium, at a guinea. Without this expensive upholstery, modern Spiritualism guarantees to us results phenomenally tremendous, when the Medium is not tied up in a bag. The Medium "is a noble animal," but, if closely watched, "he will not do so."

Why was this book written and published? It has been reviewed to instruct intending purchasers in the result which it produces on an inquiring mind. By the way, 1651 is not the date of Reginald Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*. There is a late edition, with spurious matter, of 1665, but 1588 is the correct date.

STORIES.*

IN writing *Rick; or, the Récidiviste* Mr. Falk has undertaken to sit at the feet of Charles Reade; but there is little of that master's power about this romance of Australian life. The story opens in a rather promising way, but soon lapses into absolute melodrama, and loses all power of interesting the reader. Rick—who is not by any means the Récidiviste, as the title would seem to imply—is a little crippled girl, who is discovered in a remote Victorian village in company with an aged and dissolute saddler, who is erroneously supposed to be her father. This unpleasant old person has "papers," about which he mutters in unlikely places, in order that a desperate French villain, the Récidiviste, may overhear him, and plot to obtain them. In this class of story nobody is anybody, and everybody is somebody else, and we must not destroy what little value the book may have by betraying these secrets. But, as Mr. Falk does not seem to lack intelligence, and as he possesses a certain readiness in narrative, we feel drawn to wrestle with him about the radical defects of his manner. Why does he not, instead of getting all his inspiration from the ridiculous traditions of the stage, try to observe how real people behave in real life? Grown-up men, who are in complete health, do not, on learning some fact of personal history which surprises them, "fall back with a cry that is like a groan"; they turn a little pale, perhaps, and may betray some nervousness; but they neither sweep their hands across their foreheads, nor mutter, nor give a hoarse scream, nor, laughing grimly, turn white to the lips as they answer darkly. These are the things which Mr. Falk's personages do at every turn, and the result is wearisome at first, and in the long run maddening. When, at length, the tale is over, and, in accordance with the well-known laws of melodrama, the innocent heroine Rick has come into "wealth, position, everything," through the hanging of a stranger, the Récidiviste, for murder, the reviewer turns white to the lips with relief, and, muttering in frenzied laughter, flings the book to the opposite corner of his room.

The best written of the novels before us to-day is, perhaps, *A Sweet Girl Graduate*, although we cannot give it much more praise than is conveyed in this expression. It is a story for girls, a tale of college life, in which the manners of Newnham and Girton are faintly reflected. Variety is sought for by defining the characters of the young ladies thrown together in their educational career, and these are exaggerated to supply light and shade. We find the graduate who is a thief and a liar, the vulgar girl,

* *Rick; or, the Récidiviste*. A Romance of Australian Life. By David G. Falk. London: Trischler & Co.

A Sweet Girl Graduate. By L. T. Meade. London: Cassell & Co.

Mrs. Arnold. A Novel. By Denis Arkwright. London: Masters & Co.

A Rude Awakening. A Romance. 3 vols. By Mrs. A. Phillips. London: Trischler & Co.

Uncle. By Jean de la Brète. Edited by John Berwick. London: Dean & Son.

the noble but occasionally wicked girl, the plain girl with neatly braided hair, the mysterious girl. A handsome young man is woven in, of course, and Mrs. Meade seems to intend us to be deeply interested in him. But she does not perceive that this schoolgirl's hero of hers, whose eyes express disapproval of frivolity, whose purpose (for other people) is stringently earnest, who educates all these dear girls by snubbing them, is a prig of the first and worst water, happily impossible in real life. The heroine is a very poor, brave girl, with one gown, who is contrasted with rich, rude girls, before whom she retires, only to find herself thrust in front of them by her irresistible fate. Mrs. Meade's idea of college-life is rather naive. Her young ladies read Greek for relaxation, and murmur "great glorious thoughts from *Prometheus Vincit*." The best part of the story is the description of the home of Priscilla, the poor heroine, who lives with an impecunious but excessively proud aunt in a Devonshire farmhouse. A *Sweet Girl Graduate* is bright and not unwholesome, and may be recommended to girls without any fear of ill results to their minds or morals. It is not quite what we have a right to expect from so clever and experienced a writer as Mrs. Meade, but it will pass without blame in the great rush of winter novels.

The author of *Mrs. Arnold* cannot be accused of being illiterate. Her pages are thronged with quotations from and allusions to every literary person who has flourished from Plato down to Mr. Robert Buchanan. But we are afraid her novel is not much the better for all its tags of prose and verse. The characters are such as adorn all the University stories written by ladies. There is a powerfully-built man, of immense literary gifts, with a weakness for drink, and no self-control; and another man, slighter, wealthier and blonder, who is all pathos, reserve, and self-oblivion. The scapegrace, of course, marries an exquisite creature who should have been the bride of the virtuous hero. There is a background of deans and dons, and of sparkling ladies, crossing and recrossing the gardens of Oxford, in "charming little wimple-like bonnets" and "silky primrose dresses." But apparent story or intrigue there is none; excessive chatter, mostly of an instructive kind, fills up the *lacune* in the plot; and all the personages are well dressed, insipid, and inhuman. There are many useless forms of fiction, but we think none is more useless than the superior hyper-academic form. The Lady Flabella is tiresome anywhere, but at Oxford or Cambridge she is specially a bore.

We discover incidentally that *A Rude Awakening* was published in a periodical sixteen years ago, which accounts for a curious little old-fashioned air about it. It is lively and tolerably amusing, something in the manner of Miss Broughton's early books, though, of course, far less skilfully vivacious. It is a story of two sisters, born in India, and left orphans in England. Towards the end of the book, when the girl who tells the tale, and has hitherto adored her mother's memory, discovers that she is the child of that mother's sin, a note of tragedy is somewhat powerfully struck.

Mr. John Berwick has "edited," or freely translated, M. Jean de la Brète's *Mon Oncle et mon Curé*, a delicate and pathetic story which we are glad to welcome in an English dress.

THE HUMAN FIGURE.*

PROFESSOR BRÜCKE is a distinguished physiologist with a great love of art. His well-known *Physiologie der Farben* was one of the first successful attempts to put the phenomena of colour on a sound scientific basis, and now in his old age he has published a very interesting little work on the beauties and defects of the human figure, which has been well translated into English, with a preface by the Professor of Anatomy to the Royal Academy.

The relation of anatomy to painting and sculpture has always been a vexed question amongst artists. It may, however, be taken as certain that a profound anatomical knowledge of the forms that lie beneath the surface is not essential to the accurate representation of the external aspect of human beings. Anything of the nature of dissection was unknown to the Greek artists of the best period. This is practically beyond dispute, and ought to settle the question. But, although this anatomical knowledge was dispensed with by the Greeks, it may nevertheless be of great help to the moderns who work under different conditions.

It must not be forgotten that the Greek artists had opportunities of studying the outward appearance of the human figure in a way that is denied to us, and that they lived amongst a race naturally beautiful and well proportioned, whose bodies were developed by a system of physical training that has never been equalled. Phidias doubtless owed his mastery of form to direct study from the living model unaided by anatomical science. Not even his models can have been as perfect as his sculpture; but his eye was so trained by a constant comparison of the finest specimens that he could with safety make the slight alterations from the individual that were necessary to produce an ideal type; that is, a type free from individual imperfections. Unfortunately the moderns are under a great disadvantage in this respect. There are, no doubt, to be found in Europe, and especially in Great

Britain, as fine and well-developed men and women as in the best days of Greece; but they are very seldom available for the purposes of the artist. The modern model nearly always belongs to a town-bred, underfed, and undeveloped class. Some few fine figures are to be found amongst them, but they must be carefully sought by an eye trained to appreciate the highest type. There is none of that richness of choice that was offered to the ancient artist, and none of that general familiarity with fine forms that enabled him to construct so perfect an ideal.

However, our artists must make the best of what they have; they must train their eye to an appreciation of the perfect figure by studying those magnificent statues in which the ancients have bequeathed us the fruit of their wider opportunities. It is true it is but a secondhand knowledge, but it ought to be sufficient to give a standard. But to produce a work of art it must be supplemented by direct study from the living model; no mere copy of antiquity can ever have artistic value. The modern artist must go to work as the ancient did; but profiting by later experience to supplement the deficiencies of his models.

It is here that Professor Brücke comes to his aid. He explains the chief points that the artist has to look for in choosing a model for ideal work, points out those insidious variations from the normal standard which are of vital importance and should cause the rejection of the model, and those others which are not of so essential a nature, and which may be allowed to pass muster. It is to the right choosing of the model that Herr Brücke chiefly directs his advice. He justly considers that any actual modifications of the form before him in the artist's transcript must be indulged in with great caution. There is no artist so great that he can afford to let go for long the guiding hand of nature. The following quotation will best exemplify Herr Brücke's method:—

The following rough-and-ready rule may serve in the choice of a model: When the neck is at once thin and cylindrical, it is beautiful; when it is cylindrical and likewise thick, it may be very ugly, but even uglier when it is thin and yet not cylindrical. For when it is thick its cylindrical shape may be due to a somewhat excessive layer of fat; and when it is thin, but not cylindrical, this condition may arise from excessive leanness. This rule, of course, does not entitle the artist to make the neck as thin and cylindrical as he chooses, but applies solely to the choice of a model. Nature herself takes care to keep within the limits which the artist should respect.

In this thorough manner we have the various portions of the body discussed. Herr Brücke is an anatomist, but he never unduly intrudes his anatomical knowledge. He makes just as much use of it as is necessary to explain the causes of the deviations from the normal type and to assist in determining their importance. For instance, here is an instructive passage:—

A defect of the neck occurring not infrequently in many districts consists in its girth being increased from above downwards. The depression bounding the neck at its lower end, and separating it from the sternum, the fossa of the neck—which however is only, strictly speaking, a fossa in lean individuals—has in this instance vanished, and the lower part of the neck seen in front has the appearance of being flat and wide. A neck of this kind may occur in combination with absolutely flawless beauty in the rest of the body; but the artist must nevertheless beware of even attempting to reproduce it, as these necks are found most frequently in regions where wens and goitres are prevalent, and constitute, in fact, the commencement of these pathological deformities.

And here again:—

One of the most frequent faults we meet with in this connection consists in the junction of the ribs with the sternum becoming visible. When not attributable to excessive leanness, this is due to a sickly disposition in childhood, and any model in whom it is perceptible should be rejected forthwith.

Herr Brücke does not discuss the very difficult question whether it is permissible to build up a figure by taking different parts from different models. It is much easier to obtain fine forms in this manner, and it seems certain that the ancients were in the habit of so doing; but the one reproach that may fairly be laid to their art is, that there is a certain lack of individuality in its finest specimens. The work is too abstract. There is a certain charm of imperfection in most Renaissance work, which seems more human, and consequently more interesting. This charm the modern artist may achieve by bringing out the individuality of a carefully-chosen model. The abstract perfection of the Greek is, it may be, impossible to him.

There is a large and increasing school of modern art which refuses to recognize anything but this charm of individuality. Their one aim is to make as vivid and personal a representation of the model as possible, without troubling themselves about any question of ideal beauty. There is much to be said for this aim, but it inevitably leads to ugliness by a twofold route. In the first place, the effort to be vivid tends to caricature; in the second place, the effort to be individual tends to choosing models of an abnormal type. Ugliness and deformity are more striking and more individual than beauty and health.

This little work should prove of great help in a good fight. It is written throughout with full knowledge and with great sympathy with the finest forms of art, and is beautifully illustrated by very delicate woodcuts. We can strongly recommend it both to the art student and to the full-fledged artist.

* *The Human Figure: its Beauties and Defects.* By Ernst Brücke. With a Preface, by William Anderson. Authorized translation, revised by the Author. With 29 illustrations by Hermann Paar. London: Grevel & Co.

NEW LAW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.*

TWO very useful volumes, published "by authority," which now make their appearance for the first time, and the previous non-existence of which would seem almost impossible to a philosopher, are the *Statutory Rules and Orders of 1890*, and the *Index of Statutory Rules and Orders*. The former is, we are rejoiced to learn, to be considered as the first volume of an annual series; the second deals with all past time. Every one who knows anything about statutes knows that every statute which is in any degree intricate empowers either the Queen in Council, or some less august corporation or person, to make Orders, Rules, or Regulations about something, and that such Orders, Rules, or Regulations, if they happen to be made—which is not always the case—are hardly less necessary to be known by those whom they affect, and may be considerably more voluminous, than the statutes to which they owe their being. It is a romantic and singular circumstance that there has been not only no official, but no generally trustworthy, means of finding out whether Her Majesty, a Secretary of State, the Judges, the Attorney-General, or whoever it may be, has made any such orders by virtue of any particular enactment, or, if any have been made, what they are. Of course they are published, some in one way and some in another, but this is the first time that they have been authoritatively collected. The Rules and Orders of 1890 make a volume uniform in appearance with the authoritatively published statutes of that year, but a good deal longer. The method adopted has been to set out the text only of such Orders, &c., as are "of a Public and General Character," with a classified list of the more important sets of Orders of a local character, and information as to where the latter may be found. The index is by way of enumerating all Orders and the like in force at the beginning of 1891, and stating whether they are published as Parliamentary papers, or in the *London Gazette*, or by the Stationery Office, or how otherwise. Both these volumes may save infinite trouble to any one who has occasion to acquaint himself with comparatively obscure sets of Orders. They are published under the direction of the Statute Law Committee, and edited by Mr. A. Pulling, jun. They are arranged with a good deal of care, and it is obvious that no one would have any difficulty in finding out what he wanted to know from them after a very little practice. Few people will want to consult them every day; but for those who do want them they are probably already as indispensable as the Index to the Statutes has long been to many lawyers, and it will soon seem incredible that we got on so long without them. They are sold at an almost nominal price.

To many lay minds the words "commission agent" will in the first place suggest horseracing; but house agents, insurance agents, stockbrokers, and middlemen of many other kinds, come, of course, under this legal description. Mr. William Evans has prepared a rather short, and not very elaborate, treatise upon the law affecting the relations of such persons with their employers, which may serve as a useful supplementary volume to his fairly well-known and rather meritorious book on *The Law of Principal and Agent*. The substance of the work consists of brief and judicious statements of the facts and the decisions thereupon in cases mostly of recent occurrence. The principal heads under which they are grouped are the Right to Commission and the Amount of it, Refusal of Principal to complete Contract, Employment of several Agents, Engagement for Fixed Periods, Contracts Subsequent to Introduction, Bribes and Secret Commission, Agents' Negligence or Misconduct, Illegal Contracts, Agents as

Trustees, and Revocation of Agents' Authority. "Commission" is incidentally defined by Lord Justice Bowen, in one of the cases set out by Mr. Evans, as "payment on a particular scale paid to an agent for agency work." Probably if he had substituted "proportional" for "particular" it would have been an improvement, but for a working definition it does well enough. The author himself describes commission as "generally a percentage." Inasmuch as the law on the subject is not very complicated, such a book as Mr. Evans's must necessarily consist largely of precedents of fact, and where the facts depend upon essentially unimportant details, such precedents have only a limited value. Among those recorded by Mr. Evans which seem to have been worth least trouble is the case of *Cutler v. North*, which attracted passing attention some months ago. Mr. Evans says it "raised the question" whether grossly underestimating the expense of a proposed building was negligence. There can be no doubt that it would be; but the plaintiff in that case had done no agent's work whatever, and had nothing in common with a commission agent, except the fact that he claimed to be paid a percentage. It is sad to find a barrister who has written two books, and does not know that to call a judge "Mr. Baron"—alas! that there is now only one existing judge whom anybody can call so—is to offer him a deadly insult, and to show gross ignorance of professional formality. One might as well say "Mr. Lord Chief Justice."

Mr. Frank Tillyard's handbook of the law relating to banking and bankers is intended, he tells us, "primarily for men of business," and we may, therefore, consider his assertion that he "has sought to make it useful to lawyers" in the light rather of a pious aspiration than of a fixed and uncompromising ambition. Considered from this point of view, Mr. Tillyard's work appears to be very well done. It consists of a reasonably exhaustive account of the legal aspects of cheques, bills of exchange, and other valuable securities, of the rights and duties of bankers, their officers, and their customers, and generally of the questions most likely to arise in the course of a banker's business. The curtness with which, in order to bring a book of this kind within reasonable limits, it is necessary to state legal propositions, might occasionally mislead the ignorant. This passage might, for instance, give rise to misconception:—"In order to prevent speculation in bank shares an Act was passed in the year 1879, generally known as Leeman's Act, which enacted that no purchase or sale of bank shares should be valid unless it contained the numbers distinguishing the shares. Thus it is not possible to sell shares of which one is not the owner." At the same time it is hardly more likely that a banker would be practically deceived by this correct exposition of the law than that a practising lawyer would be. An appendix contains the text of several appropriate statutes, including the Companies Acts, 1862 and 1879. As far as it goes the volume seems likely to be useful.

It has pleased the publishers of Professor Almaric Rumsey's tract—for it is really little more—on the duties of executors and administrators, to print it in the largest type and with the heaviest leading commonly used in three-volume novels, which gives it a queer appearance, and would probably enable an anxious executor to get through it in a very short time. For information as to how to get probate of a will or letters of administration of the property of an intestate person, readers are referred to another work by the same author, entitled *The Way to Prove a Will and to Take out Administration*. The Professor argues with considerable ingenuity that it would be "rather illogical" to treat in one book of two such widely different subjects, because proving wills and taking out letters of administration concern the Probate Division, whereas the administration of property when the will is proved or the letters of administration taken out is a matter to which Sir Charles Butt and his colleague have nothing to say, but which is within the purview of the Chancery Division. The distinction is obvious, the inference as to the desirability of making two books instead of one is pleasing, and we hope Professor Rumsey's readers find the division convenient. The present volume first tells executors, plainly and with fair correctness, but not much detail, in what order they should deal with claims upon the property of the deceased, and then does the same for administrators. Then come some observations about executors and administrators as trustees, a few "practical suggestions," a number of forms, and a brief appendix. The forms, which include forms of account, release of executors, and so on, are recommended as practically convenient by the author. Therefore the moral of them is that readers who think Professor Rumsey's general advice at the price of his book a better bargain than the particular advice of any legal adviser to whom they may have access at the cost of his fees will act upon it, and others will not. In almost every case the Professor's advice will probably be the cheaper; and law is rarely both cheap and good, except by accident.

A "Manual of Practical Law," by Mr. W. A. Bewes, is also said by its author to be, "as far as the subjects permit, of a popular nature." The subjects are no fewer and no less important than copyright, patents, and the cognate subjects of designs and trade-marks; and the appendix, with an Act of Parliament or two and some forms, occupies a considerable proportion of a rather small book. The volume is, therefore, of the nature of a crib, and as a crib it seems to be fairly well done. There are few branches of the law on which so many books of all sizes have been published of late years, and, inasmuch as some of them are large, long, and thorough in their treatment, while others look as if they cost threepence (and were worth less), it is quite

* *Statutory Rules and Orders issued in the Year 1890*. London: printed under the Authority of Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Index to the Statutory Rules and Orders in Force on 1st January, 1891. London: printed under the Authority of Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

The Law Relating to the Remuneration of Commission Agents. By William Evans, B.A., of the Inner Temple, and South Wales and Chester Circuit. London: Horace Cox.

Banking and Negotiable Instruments: a Manual of Practical Law. By Frank Tillyard, B.A., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; late Vinerian Scholar of Oxford University. London: Adam & Charles Black.

A Legal Handbook for Executors and Administrators. Intended for the use of the Practitioner and the Layman after the grant of Probate or Administration. By Almaric Rumsey, Barrister-at-Law; Professor of Indian Jurisprudence at King's College, London. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Copyright, Patents, Designs, Trade Marks, &c. A Manual of Practical Law. By Wyndham Austin Bewes, LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Adam & Charles Black.

A Compendium of the Law of Property in Land. By William Douglas Edwards, LL.B., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Science of Jurisprudence. Chiefly intended for Indian Students. By W. H. Rattigan, Barrister-at-Law. Second edition. London: Willey & Sons. 1892.

Principles of the Common Law. By John Indermaur, Solicitor, Author of "Manual of Practice" &c. Sixth edition. London: Stevens & Haynes.

The Married Women's Property Acts, 1870, 1874, 1882, and 1884. By Archibald Brown, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Being the Sixth edition of "The Married Women's Property Acts," by the late J. R. Griffiths, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Stevens & Haynes.

A Second Supplement to the Anglo-Indian Codes. By Whitley Stokes, D.C.L., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

The Public Health (London) Act, 1891. By W. A. Holdsworth, of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Routledge & Sons.

possible that there may be a demand for a book which looks, as this one does, as if it cost seven-and-sixpence, and that there may not be any other, or many others, of just about the same size. Should these things be so, Mr. Bewes's book may turn out very useful; and we hope it will.

Mr. Edwards's *Compendium of the Law of Property in Land* is a book for students, telling its story in its title. It has reached a second edition within four years of the publication of the first, and may, therefore, have some claim to be considered a successful, as it certainly is a laborious, careful, well-indexed, and well-printed manual.

Somewhat similar comment may be accorded to the second edition of Mr. W. H. Rattigan's *Science of Jurisprudence*, a book designed mainly "for Indian students," and consisting, as might be supposed, of the substance whereof lectures are made.

We have received the sixth edition of the evergreen Mr. John Indermaur's *Principles of the Common Law*, a book, it would seem, admirably suited to the needs and capacities of those who go forth to be examined under the auspices of the Law Institution; and the sixth edition, also, of a smaller work, of similar general character—the late Mr. Griffiths's *Married Women's Property Acts*. It is edited by that indefatigable editor, Mr. Archibald Brown, whose name is well known in connexion with *Snell's Equity* and the like.

Mr. Whitley Stokes publishes a second *Supplement* to his edition of the *Anglo-Indian Codes*, bringing his account of them down (or up) to date; and Mr. W. A. Holdsworth prints an exceedingly cheap edition of the *Public Health (London) Act* of last year.

A HOUSE OF POMEGRANATES.*

WE fear that Mr. Oscar Wilde's enemies (supposing him to be capable of possessing any) must have seen in this handsome book a deliberate provocation to the *bourgeois au front glabre*. Amid the pomegranates and other trimmings on the cover, there is a back view of a peacock which looks for all the world like that of an elderly spinster with her hands behind her back, and her profile turned towards the beholder. Mr. Shannon and Mr. Ricketts have sprinkled the pages with devices rare and strange in the latest and strictest school of Neo-Præraphæitism, and the chief illustrations in the book are of a most absolute fancy. Mr. Wilde has, we observe, protested in the public press against the judgment that they are invisible, and, strictly speaking, they are not. But being printed in very faint grisaille on very deeply cream-tinted plate paper, they put on about as much invisibility as is possible to things visible, and as they are arranged, neither facing letterpress nor with the usual tissue guard, but with a blank sheet of paper of the same tint and substance opposite them, a hasty person might really open the leaves and wonder which side the illustration was. Nevertheless, we rather like them, for when you can see them, they are by no means uncomely, and they suit their text—a compliment which we are frequently unable to pay to much more commonplace instances of the art of book illustration.

In the case of the text, also, hasty judgment is likely to be unduly harsh judgment. The pomegranates that compose the house—the grains that make up the pomegranate would have been a better metaphor—are four in number, and are all tales of the *Märchen* order, though one is something even more of a *fabliau* than of a *Märchen*. This is called "The Birthday of the Infant," and tells, to put it very shortly, how a certain little Spanish princess had an ugly dwarf who loved her, and died of a broken heart when he found out, not only how ugly he himself was, but how his beloved mistress thought of him as nothing but a fantastic toy. 'Tis an over true tale. But we are not sure that Mr. Wilde's manner of telling it is quite the right one. The first and the last of the four, "The Young King," and "The Star Child," are pretty enough moralities; the first of half-medieval, half-modern Socialist strain. The other tells how a child was cured of cruelty, partly by some metaphysical aid, partly (we do not know whether Mr. Wilde intended to draw this part of the moral, but he has) by sound beatings and a not excessive allowance of bread and water.

But the third piece, "The Fisherman and his Soul," is much longer, as long, indeed, as any two of them, and to our fancy a good deal better. It tells how a fisherman fell in love with a mermaid, and, to gain her, consented to part with, but not in the ordinary fashion to sell, his soul; how after a time he grew weary of his happiness, went to look after his soul, and found her, divorced as she was from his or any heart, a rather unpleasant, not to say immoral, companion; how he in vain endeavoured to return once more to his mermaid and only found her dead, when he and she and the soul were reunited once for all; and how, when the dead bodies of the pair were found and buried in unhallowed ground, there came a miracle converting to charity the heart of the parish priest who had cast them out. The separate ingredients of the piece are, of course, not very novel; but, to tell the truth, the separate ingredients of a story of this kind hardly can be, and Mr. Wilde has put them together with considerable skill, and communicated to the whole an agreeable character. The little mermaid is very nice, both when she is caught literally

napping, and when she sings, and when she explains the necessity of her lover parting with his soul if he will have her. Also the young witch (to whom, when the parish priest has, not unnaturally, declined to unsoul him, the fisherman goes) is pleasing. She had red hair, and in gold tissue embroidered with peacock's eyes and a little green velvet cap she must have looked very well. The Sabbath, too, is good (there are too few Sabbaths in English), though the gentlemanly Satan is not new. Good, too, is the business-like manner in which the fisherman separates his soul from him by a device not impossibly suggested by one Adelbert von Chamisso, a person of ability. The adventures of the discarded and heartless soul are of merit, and it is a very good touch to make the fisherman's final, and hardly conscious, desertion of his mermaid-love turn on nothing more than a sudden fancy to dance, and the remembrance that she had no feet and could not dance with him. It is particularly satisfactory to learn that the mermaid's tail was of pearl-and-silver. There has been an impression in many circles that mermaids' tails are green, and we have always thought that it would be unpleasant to embrace a person with a green tail. But pearl-and-silver is quite different.

VILLAINAGE IN ENGLAND.*

(Second Notice.)

WHEN we pass from the personal condition of villeins and men holding in villenage before the law (which, as we have seen, is by no means the same thing) to the communal structure of a mediæval English estate, and the compromises by which a feudal legal system was made tolerably applicable to the facts, we have to deal with problems of exceeding complexity. Political historians, economists, and lawyers, have all done something towards the solution; and it is certain that nothing less than combined operations of these three arms of historical research can be expected to achieve success in this field. It is hardly possible that one writer should unite all the qualifications. Mr. Vinogradoff's abundant knowledge, his patience in collecting and sifting materials, and his careful and sound method, put him in the first rank of historical scholars. As regards the agricultural and economic facts of the middle ages, he has, besides a scholar's training, the great advantage of knowing in his own country, either in living usage or as being within quite recent experience and memory, arrangements far more like those of mediæval Europe than can now be seen anywhere west of the Vistula. When the legal and judicial aspect of affairs is to be handled, we will not say that he falls short, for here too Mr. Vinogradoff helps us in many ways, but it seems to us that on this kind of ground he excels less. Any system of jurisprudence, above all a centralized system like that which English judges have administered for seven centuries, must needs endeavour to reduce human affairs to definite rules, to draw sharp lines of classification, to "normalize," if we may borrow the term from Anglo-Saxon philologists and convert it to a fairly analogous meaning. Whatever appears anomalous is disregarded or slurred over, or perhaps technically accounted for by some quite unhistorical connexion. The missing links of custom and ancient law that will delight the historical jurist when he discovers them as fossils are a nuisance to the working lawyer while they are alive. We cannot trust the *de jure* view of society to correspond at all times with the working of institutions *de facto*. Neglect of this divergence, combined with ingenuity and diligence in the use of legal documents, will produce chapters of history which have every merit except that of accounting for what really happened. At the same time a legal theory, in the hands of those who actually administer the law, has a certain effectual power of making itself come true. Custom is stubborn, and many things may survive the discouragement of courts of justice, but they will survive as exceptions. What the law calls abnormal will become abnormal. Thus the rapid prevalence of primogeniture over other English customs of inheritance in the course of the thirteenth century seems to be the result of a determined judicial policy.

Now great familiarity with the multitude of varying particulars tends inevitably to obscure the sense of rule and uniformity. Though scarcely any principle can be perfectly exemplified, outside pure mathematics and logic, in any concrete case, the press of concrete cases often staggers even a philosopher's belief in principle. Something of this we find in Mr. Vinogradoff's treatment of the English village community. The reader who is not familiar with the subject might wish for firmer guidance in places. Land measurement is of great importance for the understanding of our documents from Domesday downwards; and we venture to think that the value of 120 acres to the hide, and 30 acres to the virgate, was something more than a "very common mode of reckoning." In spite of all variations, and of some anomalous cases not yet explained, this was the normal and official reckoning both before and after the Conquest. So, to come down from yardlands to acres, we know that there were many different customary acres in England. An acre was always 4 rods, or a furlong (40 rods) by 4 rods; but the length of the rod or perch varies from the greater rod of 24 feet, and the rod

* *A House of Pomegranates*. By Oscar Wilde. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.

* *Villainage in England. Essays in English Mediæval History*. By Paul Vinogradoff, Professor in the University of Moscow. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

of 18 feet which is the base of the "forest acre," to shorter rods of 15 and even 12 feet. The early seventeenth-century maps of C.C.C., Oxford, show acre-strips, described as "acres," having a statutory measurement of three-quarters of an acre or less, thus:—"1 ac. Ro. Rowland cop. [i.e. copyhold] 2. 14." These particulars are neatly written along every strip in the maps. Sometimes the acres vary considerably in the same field. The smallest we have found is 1 r. 2 p. statute measure. Yet there is no doubt that from the thirteenth century, if not earlier, the king's perch has been sixteen feet and a half, and the normal acre has been based on it. There is another small point we have to make about measurements. Mr. Vinogradoff says that a virgate or yardland was two bovates or oxgangs. There is no doubt that as a rule there were four yardlands or eight oxgangs in a hide; and so the statement is numerically correct; but it is our impression that the two modes of dividing the hide are not found together, as an unwary reader might suppose. In the Durham surveys for example we find a normal villein holding of two bovates, the equivalent no doubt of the southern virgate, but the word "virgate" does not occur; in the midland and southern counties we find virgates but not bovates. We have never heard of two oxgangs being called a yardland in the northern parts, nor of half a yardland being called an oxgang in the central and southern ones. In fact the yardland and the oxgang are not merely different numerical fractions of the hide, but indicate different processes of allotting the land itself. Mr. Vinogradoff mentions Kemble's strange conclusion that the hide was 33½ acres (or 30 Anglo-Saxon acres), but does not discuss it in detail. We think he is quite right, the post-Norman evidence, to which Kemble paid very little attention, being so complete as it is. Kemble was determined to find in the hide the normal holding of a single tenant; and it is so far creditable to his ingenuity that he worked out a result practically equal to the true value of that which really was the normal holding, namely the yardland. Kemble actually had before him an Anglo-Saxon hide of 120 acres (*Saxons in England*, i. 117), but treated it as anomalous. On the relation of the taxable hide to the actual land-measurement Mr. Vinogradoff is sound and lucid so far as he goes. More remains to be done, however, in this very troublesome inquiry.

Mr. Vinogradoff gives, we conceive, the true explanation of the yardland (or double oxgang in the north) consisting of acre-strips "lying abroad" in the common fields. He agrees with Mr. Kovalevsky and does not follow Mr. Seebohm. The reason was that every tenant might have a share of every sort of land in the township, and no man might be able to complain that his share was worse than another's. "The assignment of scattered strips to every holding depended on the wish to equalize the shares of the tenants." Clumsy as this arrangement may look to a modern farmer's or surveyor's eyes, it had the great virtue of keeping the peace. No other reason need be sought for. An interesting question is how far both free men and free land were included in this common-field system. Here again Mr. Vinogradoff rejects the servile theory. But the inquiry is complicated by the fact that not only a free man might hold bond land, and conversely, but the popular if not the legal conception of free land varied. Sometimes the holding was said to be free when ancient labour-services had been commuted for money payments. If the line had been drawn here by lawyers, the difference between freehold and copyhold would have long since been obliterated. We do not say this would have been a bad thing.

On the other hand free tenants might be bound to a certain number of days' work, and, if certain in quantity, the work might be undefined in quality without making the tenure base. Phrases like "quodcunque opus sibi fuerit injunctum" or "quidquid jussit dominus" do not imply an arbitrary power of imposing task-work. There are indications that even bondmen seldom did all their share of work in person; their families helped towards it, and sometimes hired labourers. We may assume that a personally free man holding by labour-service could not be compelled to work on the lord's land himself if he could get the work done otherwise. Mr. Vinogradoff points to evidence of a class of hired labourers having existed much earlier than is commonly supposed. In the settled law of the king's court, however, free tenure soon had the same meaning that it technically has now; and the legal standing of a freeholder was exactly the same whether he had deeds to show, or he or some predecessor in title had been enfeoffed without any writing at all, as was possible down to the Restoration, and apparently still known in practice in Littleton's time. *Libere tenens* is one of the definite terms we can hold fast by. Mr. Vinogradoff finds among the yardland-holders, and therefore involved in the common-field system, too many *libere tenentes* to be disposed of by the assumption of beneficial grants made after the Conquest. And the fact that *villani* in Domesday is not unfrequently replaced by *liberi homines* in the Hundred Rolls by no means proves any real change of tenure in the meantime. It may rather prove that Edward I.'s surveyors, after two centuries, had learnt to adjust their terminology to the facts of English tenure better than the compilers of Domesday. The position of the free tenant who had no deeds may well have been precarious for a time. In the thirteenth century we find it assured. It would be interesting to know, on the other hand, when the lord's court roll became the test and the ultimate proof of tenure in villenage. The phrase "per rotulum curie" is not common in mediæval inquests, and we do not know that it occurs before the reign of Edward III. In the

Eynsham Cartulary it seems to describe only one variety of unfree holding.

Rights of common, as they existed in the usage of the thirteenth century, are carefully discussed. Our only regret is that Mr. Vinogradoff has not taken up the peculiar and interesting case of Dartmoor, on which he could scarcely have failed to throw light. But it is not Mr. Vinogradoff's fault that the Dartmoor Preservation Association has printed its collection of materials in a small edition and only for its own members. Lawyers will perhaps think that Mr. Vinogradoff exaggerates the quasi-corporate character of mediæval communities. It is quite true that the king's courts never recognized the men of a manor or township as anything but individual tenants or co-tenants of land and of the rights of common and the like which belonged to the land; and Mr. Vinogradoff is somewhat inclined to overlook this. It is equally true that from the twelfth to the seventeenth century such men did frequently act, and deal with their own lord, or with other like communities, as bodies or "artificial persons" having collective rights; and this, having been generally ignored until our own time, is now in some danger of being explained away by our latest sort of ingenious young scholars. We can easily forgive Mr. Vinogradoff if he has not been absolutely impartial in his just and necessary resistance to this danger.

Students who have been puzzled by the mixture of flagrant fiction with what seems to be a genuine zeal for antiquity, and may partly be genuine tradition, in that strange book the *Mirror of Justices*, will be glad to find in Mr. Vinogradoff's appendix a half-promise to discuss its character some day. Meanwhile the Selden Society has the book in hand, so the real text (which has never been properly edited) will be accessible in time to furnish a solid footing for Mr. Vinogradoff's criticism.

Mr. Vinogradoff has set us an admirable example of thorough work on our own ground. Let us hope that English scholars will not be lacking to follow it.

TROPICAL TRAVELS.*

IF it is impolitic to pour new wine into old bottles, it is surely

also unwise to bind up in one volume old travels in fairly well-known regions, together with an account of a recent visit to a special part of them. The result is a piece of patchwork, and calculated to convey wrong impressions. For instance, to an ordinary reader of this book it would appear that the vast improvement that has taken place in the progress of the West Indies during the last thirty years, and in the manners and social state of the negro population especially, is confined to Jamaica alone. The author brings Jamaica up to date, but leaves Demerara and Trinidad where they were more than a quarter of a century ago. Speaking of Cayenne he says:—"The traveller will sleep in a scrupulously clean French bed, white as snow, with capital mosquito curtains; the wines which in Demerara cost eight shillings a bottle he will here get for fifteen pence, and the courtesy which he will not get in Demerara at any price he will here get for nothing. The streets are lighted at night with something more effective than the fire-flies which at Georgetown form the only lamps after dark. Even the negroes have imbibed some French polish, and are less insolent and disagreeable than other free negroes. Everywhere, to the negro liberty is as a jewel in a swine's snout—they connect no noble sentiment with it, and value it only as the key to indolence." Contrast this with the glowing description later on of Kingston and its inhabitants, and it would hardly be inferred that Demerara has been in the van of progress, and that Kingston can no more be compared with Georgetown as regards its internal arrangements than a fishing village can be compared with Eastbourne. It is true that Mr. Stuart contrasts the present aspect of Jamaica with what he saw on his former visit; but he nowhere states that, at least, an equal improvement has been going on elsewhere.

Reverting to 1858, it had been the wish of Mr. Stuart in that year to explore the great equatorial forest in the interior of Guiana, and to reach the watershed which separates it from the valley of the Amazon. To attain his object he travelled by sea from Georgetown to Paramaribo, and ascended the Surinam River in a boat manned by negroes. All went pleasantly enough as long as there were plantations or any other vestiges of civilization along the river; but, as they proceeded, rocks, shoals, and rapids became more and more formidable, while the crew, discouraged by the awful solemnity of the endless forest, and terrified by the reports of wild negro tribes said to exist in the interior, began to mutiny. For two days he was deserted by his men; provisions were almost at an end, and he was afraid to kill game to replenish his larder, lest the report of his gun should bring upon him the bush-negroes. At length his crew appeared again, hungry and emaciated, but only to make terms with him for the immediate descent of the river. There was no help for it, and the demand had to be complied with; yet the journey had not been entirely without fruit. They had arrived at a barren rocky hill of a rusty red colour, composed of ferruginous material

* *Adventures amidst the Equatorial Forests and Rivers of South America; also in the West Indies and the Wilds of Florida. To which is added "Jamaica Revisited."* By Villiers Stuart, of Dromana. London: John Murray. 1892.

hostile to vegetation. This hill Mr. Stuart ascended, and thus describes the view which lay before him:—

Right in front, and bounding the southern horizon from east to west, extended like a wall the range of mountains which separates the basin of the Amazon from the Guianas. On all sides I looked down upon the vast unexplored primeval forest. Many of the trees were tufted with splendid blossoms which cannot be seen from below, for they crowd towards the sunlight. That robe of many colours lay spread beneath and around as far as the eye could see, covering plain and hill and valley and mountain like a huge mantle; that interminable forest which crosses the mountain chain to the south, and sweeps down into the basin of the greatest river in the world—extending with little interruption from the mouth of the Amazon to the Andes, a distance of 3,000 miles, forming a belt about 1,000 miles wide.

Mr. Stuart describes well the intensity of tropical forest scenery, and another extract is worth giving:—

Life in this world is always more or less of a battle; it is eminently so with the vegetation of the equatorial forest. There is something startling in the internecine struggle going on for light and air. Moreover, plants can exhibit some of the same vices, and even commit some crimes, analogous to those found amongst beings higher in the scale of creation, such as greediness, selfishness, treachery, ingratitude, the motive being the instinct of self-preservation. Prominent among the criminals are certain plants producing caoutchouc. These start in the world as climbers; they begin operations by creeping up the stem of some tree of moderate size, to which they cling in an innocent confiding way, embracing their foster-parent with graceful and affectionate reliance, until they grow strong enough to change their tactics; then they become aggressive and throw out root-like fibres; these soon form a network around the trunk which has been the support of their infantile and childish period. The network spreads and thickens until it has developed into a complete casing; then the poor foster-parent begins to be strangled; it is imprisoned in a fatal cylinder, it sickens, pines, and dies, and its unnatural protégé becomes a tree and reigns in its stead, after digesting the body of its nurse.

After an excursion up the Orinoco as far as Angostura, Mr. Stuart proceeded to Trinidad, but describes little besides the well-known Pitch Lake and some whale-fishing experiences. Voyaging northwards, he touched at Barbados, and remaining there "from noon till 6 P.M. had ample time to land and explore both town and country." Poor Barbados! This is its fate with all butterfly travellers; they breakfast at the Ice House, they call at Government House, and they think they have seen the island. They are ignorant of the matchless colours of the sea over the coral reefs, to be seen nowhere else in the West Indies in such perfection; they know nothing of the strange, and often most beautiful, gullies which intersect the island, and defy the ingenuity of geologists to account for them; they care nothing for the handsome old houses planned and built by the early English settlers, which form nearly the only relics of that period in the islands, for those in Jamaica are almost entirely swept away; they never hear the roar of the snowy surf beating over the jagged rocks on the windward coast, worn away by the action of the waves into a thousand fantastic shapes; no, they have come to see primeval forests, and as Barbados has not got any they pass on. Mr. Stuart on a subsequent visit found the sugar-canes stunted; it might be a shock to him to know that "stunted" sugar-canes in Barbados have been known to yield more sugar than long ones elsewhere—which, after all, and not to please the eye of a traveller, is the function of a sugar-cane. Allusion has so frequently been made of late in these columns to the beauty and progress of Jamaica, and to the success of its recent Exhibition—to which Mr. Stuart does ample justice, and to which he devotes a large portion of his book—that the subject need not be dealt with here. We fear that the hotels, the starting of which he so rosiy sketches, have not borne the fruit that was expected of them, either to their patrons or to their proprietors, but their better administration is probably only a question of time. A more important feature is his description of Tampa. It does not appear in what year Mr. Stuart first visited Florida, though it cannot be very long ago, yet the country has gone through many changes since then. It is chiefly, however, in its relation to the West Indies that we now desire to speak of it, and Tampa will shortly become a most important place to the increasing number of tourists in these regions. The beaten track will soon be as follows:—from Southampton to Barbados, then a transshipment either to British Guiana or Trinidad, or both; a further détour among the lesser Antilles, if desired, but ultimately a visit to Jamaica. When the railroads now in process of construction are completed, the traveller will embark, not from Kingston, as Mr. Stuart did, but from Port Antonio, on the north coast of the island, to Tampa, which is within forty-eight hours' steaming. No doubt regular passenger steamers will then be put on; at present the communication is very irregular, and depends upon the banana and the fruit season. From Tampa to New York is only forty-two hours by the express, without change of carriages, and thence, of course, the journey to Queenstown under six days. Few trips will be more easy of accomplishment, and few more full of interest and variety. Tampa seems preparing for its future greatness; it already has an hotel, Moorish in style, and surrounded by extensive lawns and gardens sloping down to the river. The town is partly occupied by a Cuban colony, whose language and habits are exclusively Spanish. Land is rising rapidly in value, and before long Tampa will doubtless become one of the most important cities of the Southern States.

A NEW PRINT.

A NEW mezzotint comes to us from Mr. Dunthorne of Vigo Street. Every one knows Mr. Watts's version of the ever-fresh story, as some disrespectful person called it, of the first lunatic. Endymion's lunacy would seem, according to Lemprière and other authorities, to have taken the form of catalepsy. They talk of the perpetual sleep in which he spent his life on Mount Latmus. A great many different legends of the kind are summarized in Dr. Smith's pages. The particular tale selected by Mr. Watts is that in which "Selene, charmed with his beauty, sent him to sleep, that she might be able to kiss him without being observed by him." The legend is supposed by many to be a poetical fiction intended to personify the resistless influence of sleep. In the picture the passive king, shepherd, or hunter lies completely somnolent on the ground, sleep indicated by the fall of his comely limbs and his parted lips. The goddess hovers over him with a lightness which, in spite of her somewhat mature charms, and a richness, not to say plumpness, of form, is admirably sustained. The engraving by Mr. Frank Short leaves little to be desired. He has been faithful to the original even to the length of imitating exactly the curiously aged appearance of Selene's foot. Can there be anything symbolical in this, and in the exaggerated size of her hand? The breast is positively luminous; the crisp folds of the slight floating drapery and the many gradations in depth of the background are very well rendered. The plate is too large—a complaint we have often made in the case of other modern engravings—and it must have taxed Mr. Short's resources to the utmost to keep up completely the unity of the light and shade, and the subordination of everything to the brilliancy of Selene's shining bust.

LECTURES ON THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE.*

THE *Lectures on the History of Literature* formed the second series which Carlyle delivered in London in the interval between the *French Revolution* and *Cromwell*. They were designed, as he candidly told all to whom he cared to speak of his private affairs, to bring him in "a pickle pease strae"; which purpose they answered. Three hundred pounds were earned by them, a small fortune to a man who practised that virtue of thrift of which Leigh Hunt spoke with contempt. It was not in Carlyle's nature to do slovenly work or to speak "from the teeth outwards." He certainly moved his audience profoundly, but he himself cared little for these Lectures. According to Mr. Froude, he spoke of them "as a mixture of prophecy and play-acting." In his journal he says that "It is one of the saddest conditions of this enterprise to feel that you have missed what you meant to say; that your image of a matter you had an image of remains yet with yourself, and a false impotent scrawl is what the hearers have got from you." He was, in fact, not satisfied with the Lectures, never re-delivered them, and does not appear even to have kept his notes. At a later period he incorporated the substance of as much of them as he thought worth preserving into the *Heroes and Hero-worship*.

If Professor J. Reay Greene had remembered these facts, he would, we cannot but think, have spared himself the trouble of editing these reports of the Lectures with a preface and notes. He would certainly have abstained from asking "Why did not Carlyle issue these Lectures on Literature in his lifetime?" and from answering his own question by saying that "Doubtless he shrank from the slow labour of preparing for publication discourses which deal with topics demanding careful treatment, while almost infinite in their extent and diversity." Question and answer look rather foolish in face of the fact that Carlyle, who was not in the habit of shrinking from slow labour, deliberately decided that the Lectures were not worth reproduction as they were delivered, and then equally deliberately took as much of them as he cared to preserve, and did publish it in a final and finished shape. Professor J. Reay Greene did, we think, well "to waive the opportunity here afforded us of adding one more to the multitude of essays on Carlyle," but he did not do equally well to waive the editorial duty of pointing out how much of this book is only a hearer's (Chisholm Anstey's) version of the first draft of much which is to be found revised, elaborated, and fixed in the *Heroes and Hero-worship*. It would be unfair to say that Mr. J. Reay Greene's enterprise is only a piece of literary resurrection-man's work. The Lectures were publicly delivered and reported at the time in the *Examiner* and other papers," says Mr. Froude. They are not, therefore, in the case of a fragment of manuscript which some man of letters has left unpublished to be a prey and a spoil to the literary ghoul. Yet there is a smack of "resurrectioning" about this book. It would, to begin with, be superfluous to drag out the first drafts of work which the author elected to make permanent in a revised form, even if we had them in his own words. But these Lectures are only Mr. Anstey's version of Carlyle's words. We agree with Mr. J. Reay Greene that the reports are, all things considered, very good; but, after all, we know what becomes of the flavour of the most generous wine after straining through the cleanest of linen. It may still be

* *Lectures on the History of Literature*. Delivered by Thomas Carlyle, April to July 1838. Now printed for the first time. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Professor J. Reay Greene. London: Ellis & Elvey. 1892.

good, but it is not what it was when it came out of the bottle. We cannot therefore commend this enterprise of the editor's as likely either to serve the memory of Carlyle or to form an acceptable addition to literature. As for the Lectures themselves, much more than half of them calls for no remark at all. We really cannot waste time in discussing Mr. Anstey's version of what Carlyle had to say of Dante and Shakespeare, Luther and Knox, Johnson and Burns—other names might be added—when we have Carlyle unstrained in the *Heroes and Hero-worship*, and the *Essays*. Of the lesser half, that part which the author did not care to preserve, something might be said which would go to justify his decision. No man could survey all human history and literature in twelve lectures. Carlyle grasped more than he could hold, and his Lectures are, in fact, only variations on the very sound theme that the greatest literature is what he was fond of calling "unconscious"—the work of men who sang because it was their nature, and who were not too engrossingly interested in the manner of their singing, or the greatness of being a singer. This, at least, is the theme as far as the Lectures deal with literature at all. Much of them, however, is devoted to another phase of the same theme—the impossibility that there should be greatness of the first order in any human work in the absence of faith. The vast extent of the field which Carlyle undertook to survey made it inevitable that he has often to be brief, and even superficial. There are errors here and there on which the minute critic will be severe. Every whippersnapper from a Board school will rejoice to feel his superiority to a writer who absolutely speaks as if there had been a ten years' war of Troy, who takes the Pelasgi seriously, and does not know that Cervantes's hand was shattered by an arquebuss shot, and was not cut off by a scimeter. After this, of course, all Carlyle's Gothic edifice of turret and tower will come tumbling down in the opinion of the whippersnapper aforesaid, as he roams about "doing the books" on the press. There are none the less parts of that portion of these Lectures which he was content to let drop which are, as it were, the too brief indications of critical passages equal to his best. This on *Æschylus* is in his best manner:—"You fancy that you hear the old dumb rocks speaking to you of all things they had been thinking of since the world began in their wild savage utterances." There is, too, an estimate of Swift—not, we should think, very well reported—which is generous and just. To put two very different men, who both appear in Carlyle's wide-ranging remarks, side by side—though one knows how ill they would have got on together—there are half a dozen lines about Hildebrand, and there is a Kit-cat portrait of Hume which would not make blots in that wonderful gallery of etchings which fill the vestibule to the *Life of Frederick the Great*. We could have done without this book; but, since it is here, it is as well that it has some justification for its existence.

AN ULSTER FAMILY.*

WE hear so much nowadays about the wealth and prosperity of the people of "Protestant Ulster" that an account of the rise and growth of one of the most wealthy and prosperous of its families cannot fail to be interesting. The name of Corry is not a common one, but it has been kept well before the public eye. All who had the pleasure of knowing him are lamenting the recent death of Sir James Corry, the first baronet of his branch of the family, one of the most genial of politicians, and a shipbuilder and shipowner to whom Belfast owes much. In Lord Rowton we have another Corry who has reflected honour on his name and race. But Lord Belmore tells us of a third family, one which he himself represents, but which is extinct in the male line. In addition to the very interesting notices of the Corry family, there are chapters on the Armars, the Lowrys, the Leslies, and other great governing houses, who were the pioneers of the colony, and whose experiences in the old Irish days of rebellion, famine, and bloodshed must have been thrilling. As the last of Lord Belmore's Corry ancestors died in 1741, the story is an old one; but as a picture of the vicissitudes and troubles of life in the North of Ireland in the days of Archbishop Boulter it is well worth reading. The first of the Lowry family to settle in Ulster was James, who seems to have been a cadet of Lowry or Laurie of Maxwellton, so celebrated in Scottish song.

THE DOGS OF SCOTLAND.†

IN this volume Mr. Thomson Gray has set forth at great length "the varieties, history, characteristics, and exhibition points" of the dogs of Scotland. We can only wish, in perusing the volume, that the points required for "exhibition" did not in many cases mean the complete destruction of the usefulness and the beauty of the breed in question. For instance, who can look without pity at the illustrations which are supposed to represent a Skye terrier? They remind us of the old woman in the nursery rhyme who exclaimed, on waking to find her petticoats cut short, "Can this be I?" In these cases, the Skye, moving under his trail-

ing "petticoats" of hair, with a length of back which looks as if he owned a centipede for one parent and a poodle for the other, with nothing recognizable except the tip of his moist black nose, and his wideawake cocked ears, must, indeed, feel a wonder as to his identity, and an intellectual interest as to the crime in his previous existence which has condemned him to such "exhibition points." Mr. Thomson Gray divides the class into the short- and long-coated. "The long-coated are without doubt the fashionable strain." "Fashion" in this case means what will or will not satisfy the judges, and it is to them we look to "set the fashion." Our complaint of this class of dog, and of several others, is that the more extravagant "the point" the higher are the awards given to it. The fact is that the true Skye terrier's coat is neither long, nor short and wiry. Its hair should be of medium length, wavy, and of very fine texture. The dog should be very small, short in the back, and with ears either pricked or drooping. It was originally a hunting dog, and the best specimens of the race we have seen were of such a size that they could go down any rabbit-hole, and liked no occupation better. We again refer to these illustrations, and ask any candid reader if this feat is possible to these "champions," and whether the breed has gained by the efforts of those "enthusiasts" who first drew the attention of the various Dog Clubs to this class of terrier?

Mr. Thomson Gray refers to a very well-known authority on Skye terriers, the late Mr. George Clark, the Duke of Argyll's gamekeeper on his Dumbartonshire estate. No more competent authority on this question could be had; for he devoted the greater part of his long life to an enthusiastic care of the breed, and, as Mr. Thomson Gray says, his ready and diffuse pen was always at their service. We have some of his Gaelic-English notes on the subject before us as we write. "There are no Skye terriers get prizes at dog shows, the reason being that the judges at those shows are *invariable* Englishmen, or Scotch Lowlanders, who have got it into their heads that a Skye terrier is or ought to be a large *towzie* dog that can kill singly a fox or badger, whereas the case is very different." With this sweeping settlement of the "Saxon," Mr. Clark then proceeds to give a history of the genuine "old working Skye," and Mr. Thomson Gray gives a very vivid and truthful picture of Mr. Clark's views. We should like to give these notes at length, but our space only allows us to quote the concluding words:—"The large towzie dogs exhibited at shows, which take all the prizes, ladies and gentlemen buy under the impression that they are genuine Skyes; but instead of gold they have only brass, as many of these dogs will not face a mouse." Mr. Clark here states the truth; the prize dogs in this class are "brass," and those who require the "genuine article" must look for them in those favoured spots "above the Pass," where the Skye Terrier Club is unknown.

In his chapters on collie dogs we can thoroughly agree with Mr. Thomson Gray. "A collie," he says, "like a good horse, cannot be a bad colour. Fanciers always run to extremes; and while granting that in the early days of shows many collies were far too broad and heavy in skull, that was no reason for breeding dogs into greyhound heads." Mr. Thomson Gray refers to the date when "the rage for sables set in." But who is to blame that fanciers breed monstrosities, and that when "sables" take the prize "broken colours" are out of it? Clearly the judges are responsible; it is to them we look to hold the balance, and to watch that fashion is kept in check.

On the whole, we can commend this book; it contains much sound information and careful description. Its illustrations are a warning what to avoid in breeding, and the whole work is an interesting example of the truth that you may overdo a good thing.

BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.*

WHATEVER doubt may exist as to the necessity for translating French or German books certainly does not apply to Russian books, and if a Russian scientific treatise is really important, every student will be thankful for an English version of it. Professor Mendeléeff's work possesses real importance, first, on account of the great scientific fame of its author; and, secondly, on account of its general, if imperfect, excellence. The translation was worth doing, and it seems to have been done very well. Of course the book cannot have the value in England that it has in Russia, for we have already a large vernacular literature in chemistry, and it contains much that can be found in well-known English, to say nothing of French and German, works. For English students the two volumes, with over one thousand pages, printed to a great extent in the form of notes in small type, might with advantage have been curtailed, and room thereby found for extension in other directions, particularly in the direction of organic chemistry, which is hardly touched. The author's plan may be described as a blending of descriptive and theoretical with a small infusion of physical chemistry. Following an

* *The History of the Corry Family of Castle Coole.* By the Earl of Belmore, G.C.M.G. London: Longmans & Co.

† *The Dogs of Scotland.* By D. J. Thomson Gray, F.Z.S. Dundee and Edinburgh: James P. Mathew & Co.

* *The Principles of Chemistry.* By D. Mendeléeff. Translated from the Russian (Fifth edition) by George Kamensky, A.R.S.M., of the Imperial Mint, St. Petersburg. Edited by A. J. Greenaway, F.I.C., Sub-Editor of the "Journal of the Chemical Society." 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

An Introduction to Chemical Theory. By Alexander Scott, M.A., D.Sc. London and Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

example set in many previous treatises, he has attempted the task of expounding the science inductively, stating facts before the theories based upon them. Whatever logical advantages this system may possess, it is attended with inconveniences that in our opinion overbalance them. To gain a clear idea of chemical theory as a whole such a book must be read straight through, for the great generalizations of the science are distributed at long intervals through the two volumes, and it is by no means easy to compare them.

After a clear if not particularly novel introduction, systematic chemistry begins in Chapter I. with water and its compounds. Here, as elsewhere, the small type notes are very voluminous, and the student is advised to omit them in a first reading. The descriptions are simple and lucid, and occasionally have a kind of originality distinctly helpful to the reader. The following passage is a good example of this; for, although it contains nothing but well-known facts, they are presented in an unconventional form:—

The vapour of water in condensing, by cooling, forms snow, rain, hail, dew, and fog. One cubic metre (or 1,000,000 cubic centimetres, or 1,000 litres, or 35,316 cubic feet) of air can obtain at 0° only 4.8 grams of water, at 20° about 17.0 grams, at 40° about 50.7 grams; but ordinary air only contains about 60 per cent. of the possible moisture. Air containing less than 40 per cent. of the possible moisture is felt to be dry, and air which contains more than 80 per cent. of the possible moisture is considered as already damp.

In the same chapter we find a sketch of crystallography and a study of solubility. In succeeding chapters we are introduced to hydrogen and oxygen, and find, especially in the notes, much that is interesting. Thus the experiments of Paul Bert on the respiration of pure oxygen are not familiarly known. Bert showed that under a pressure of one-fifth of an atmosphere consisting of oxygen only animals and human beings remain under the ordinary conditions of the partial pressure of oxygen, but not in air rarefied to the same extent. In the chapter succeeding this the study of ozone and hydrogen peroxide lead to Dalton's law of multiple proportions, with a preliminary discussion of atomic and molecular hypotheses. Then we come to nitrogen and its compounds, in which, curiously enough, the manufacture of sulphuric acid is included, although sulphur is not described until the middle of the second volume. In Chapter VII., half way through the first volume, we find a fuller account of molecules and atoms, and a discussion of the laws of Gay-Lussac and the hypothesis of Avogadro. Chapters VIII. and IX. bring us to carbon and its compounds with hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. These chapters are excellent examples of descriptive chemistry. They contain a great number of well-stated facts, and their only fault is one which is prevalent throughout the work, and which is perhaps a part of its plan. They are somewhat sketchy, and the various statements seem to lack correlation. As the doctrine of valency is discussed for the first time in a subsequent chapter, it will be evident that the account of the constitution of carbon compounds must be imperfect.

After leaving carbon we come somewhat unexpectedly to sodium chloride and the halogens, where the laws of Berthollet are expounded, together with the later generalizations of Thomsen, Ostwald, and Pattison Muir. In Chapter XIII. an account is given of potassium and the other monad metals, with a very imperfect sketch of spectrum analysis. The volume concludes with a well-written and valuable discussion of the valency and specific heat of the metals. The second volume, which is somewhat smaller than the first, opens with a lengthened discussion of the Periodic Law; the rest of it being occupied with descriptions of the remaining elements and their compounds, and with three appendices, two of which are reprints of lectures delivered by the author in London in 1889.

The fame of Professor Mendeléeff mainly depends on his association with the Periodic Law, which in chemistry has come to have almost the importance of Newton's laws in physics. The law is still very commonly, and was for some time almost universally, known as the "Law of Mendeléeff." Professor Mendeléeff has, indeed, contributed more than anyone else to its development, and his name is destined to immortality in the history of science; but he was not the discoverer of the law, which, under the title of "The Law of Octaves," was clearly stated by our countryman Newlands in 1864 and the two following years—that is, about five years before Professor Mendeléeff's first publication upon the subject. The generalization of Newlands was ignored and even laughed at, and the Chemical Society of London refused to print his paper; but, when announced with greater extension by Mendeléeff, the immense importance of the new law was at once recognized. We do not doubt that the work of Newlands had escaped the attention of the Russian chemist, but it is impossible to approve the subsequent conduct of the latter, who has never made any frank and unequivocal admission that the law commonly known by his name was really discovered by his predecessor. Even in the present work, although a few apparently reluctant admissions are made, almost the whole of the merit of the discovery is tacitly assumed by the author. In England full, if somewhat tardy, justice has been rendered to Mr. Newlands, who a few years back received the honour of a medal from the Royal Society of London.

The small and unpretentious work of Dr. Alexander Scott is of real excellence and value. It presupposes a knowledge of elementary chemistry, and is intended, as the author states in his preface, "for the purpose of stimulating the more inquiring

student, without at the same time perplexing those less so." It deals entirely with the generalization of chemistry and chemical physics, and leads the way into the higher realms of science by enforcing upon the student the necessity of close, and apparently almost pedantic, attention to the minutiae of facts and figures. These details, superfluous for the purposes of examination, are essential for real scientific study, and their mastery constitutes the difference between the successful examinee and the real man of science. Dr. Scott's book is a post-octavo volume of under three hundred pages, yet a short synopsis of its contents will show the use to which a student of science may put it. Chapter I. contains an account of the constitution of matter. Here we find, not only the hackneyed statements of the laws of Boyle, Charles, and Graham, but also a neat synopsis of the exceptions—those exceptions which are often more interesting than the laws, as leading the way to new discoveries. The same treatment is observable in Chapter II. In this the atomic weights of the elements are discussed, not only with the ordinary hydrogen unit, but also on the oxygen scale. With the modern determinations, and starting from an atomic weight of 16 for oxygen, the atomic weights of other elements come nearer to even numbers than they do on the older standard. Following Ostwald, the table on p. 44 shows this modern approximation towards the celebrated hypothesis of Prout, and illustrates how all modern discovery tends towards the perfection of the Periodic Law, the importance of which in science has risen so rapidly in late years. It is, of course, somewhat startling to find that the atomic weight of hydrogen is given as 1.003, but the explanation of the suggested alteration is very obvious. The most interesting part of Chapter III. is devoted to the law of Raoult of Grenoble, founded upon freezing-points. It is a general law that when any solid is dissolved in any liquid capable of freezing the freezing-point is lowered, and Raoult has proved that the lowering of the freezing-point bears a definite and calculable proportion to the molecular—that is, the combining—weight of the substance dissolved. This new discovery is already bearing rapid fruit, and Dr. Scott explains with great lucidity its practical applications. The study of classification in elements and compounds, including those of the so-called organic chemistry—that is, of the compounds of carbon—begins with the old but still useful system of Thénard. But the Periodic system is soon reached, and we are glad to find full recognition of the claim of Newlands as discoverer, and not merely suggester, of this system. If we add that in subsequent chapters dissociation, solution, thermo-chemistry—the modern theories due to Le Bel, van 't Hoff, and Ostwald—are succinctly but sufficiently described, a fair idea will, perhaps, be given of the great merit of this little book.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE ingenious and entertaining M. John Grand-Carteret has not had quite such a good subject in Herr Wagner (1) as those with which Prince Bismarck and Signor Crispi provided him. Not only does the graceless Muse of Caricature busy herself more willingly with political persons than with any others, but she has at least one exceedingly good excuse for doing so. Political events provide an unceasing change of circumstance and incident in which to portray the subject, and these circumstances and incidents are, to some extent at least, known to everybody and understood by everybody as soon as the counterfeit presentment is submitted. Prominent persons in literature and art are much less prodigal of "handles" to the caricaturist, and it is much less certain that the ordinary running reader will understand the representation. At the most only a few broad facts are known to him, and in ringing the changes on these there is a terrible danger of monotony, especially when the exercises are brought together in a small space. Amusing as this book is, for instance, the eternal jokes on "the music of the future" have the effect of the worst of *scies*, while those on *Lohengrin* and the Swan are scarcely less monotonous. Moreover, the long career of the composer is very unequally fertile in satirical skits on him. Its earlier years are almost barren, and, except for the Paris disturbance of 1861 and a few other things, almost the whole stock is drawn from the last ten or twelve years of his life. Nevertheless, M. Grand-Carteret, who is now a past-master in this matter, has succeeded on the whole very well indeed, and almost the only fault we can find with him is that he might have dealt differently with the eternal and tedious Franco-German grudges and jealousies. We must frankly tell him that we think it idle to attempt to make out that national jealousy was not at the bottom of the 1861 affair, and rather unreasonable to quarrel with the *maestro* for paying off old scores in 1870—undignified as was his manner of doing it. The selection of Wagner portraits of the serious kind here, though not exactly answering to the title, is very interesting. Probably no one, if his portraits are to be trusted at all, ever altered so much in appearance as the author of *Tannhäuser*. For the rest, the Viennese caricatures are, on the whole, the best; the French, as a rule, being both clumsy and savage; the English not informed with sufficient knowledge, and the Bavarian too much governed by the personal relations of Wagner with the unlucky Ludwig II. Vienna is generally a good capital for caricatures, and the

(1) *Wagner en caricatures*. Par John Grand-Carteret. Paris: Larousse.

Viennese artists were well placed for combined knowledge and impartiality. We think that, out of politeness to Madame Cosima Wagner, one of the caricatures here given might have been omitted; but, after all, there is no great harm in it. We ought to add that, as usual, M. Grand-Carteret has enriched his book by not a few unpublished drawings, chiefly by M. Blass.

A sufficient unity is given to M. James Darmesteter's (2) book, though it does consist of separate essays not always very homogeneous otherwise, by the central idea which pervades most of its parts. We are afraid that we must regard this idea itself as but a specimen of what has been unkindly called "bottled moonshine." For M. Darmesteter thinks that when the last vestiges of Christianity have been comfortably cleared away, physical science and the doctrine of the fifteen prophets will marry each other, and produce a new religion which will reign for ever and ever. Now we, on our part, have very strong doubt as to the possible fertility of such an experiment in cross-breeding; and are even more strongly of opinion that, if any child was born to Mr. Prophet and Miss Science, he would not be *né viable*, while the union would be an uncommonly stormy one, and would very soon dissolve through incompatibility of temper. Indeed, we tremble to think what Mr. Prophet, if he has not forgotten his old vocabulary, would call Miss Science. However, M. Darmesteter thinks, and we suppose must be allowed to think, differently. The essays in which he heralds the new Messiah (by the way, he should be more polite in his language to others—*imbécile* is a word terribly easy of retort, especially on experimenters in miscegenation) all deserve reading. The first and longest is an enthusiastic panegyric of the prophets themselves, of course from the modern point of view, which will have it that in them, and not in the historical books, is the important part of the Bible. Another is devoted to those uncomfortable attempts of the late M. Havet, out-criticising the critics, to make the prophets themselves very late *pastiches*. A third sketches that curious modern romance which calls itself the History of the Jewish People, and a fourth and fifth the dealings of M. Renan and Herr Graetz with it; while a sixth handles "Race et Tradition," and a seventh the career of that very remarkable person Joseph Salvador, who died more than twenty years ago, after a life extending into the last century, and was undoubtedly one of the most curious products of neo-Hebraism.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN his preface Professor Lloyd Morgan expresses some doubt as to the propriety of the "familiar and conversational style" he has adopted in *Animal Sketches* (Edward Arnold). There should be no doubt at all about it. A playful spirit befits a naturalist who treats of the joys of animal life. So many tame beasts have a hard time in this world that Mr. Lloyd Morgan's cheerful faith in the pleasures that most wild creatures enjoy is comforting to lovers of animals. Several of these pleasant sketches in natural history were originally addressed to young people, we believe, and the familiar style is entirely right in the circumstances. The author has great exemplars in this matter. Charles Kingsley, and Gosse, and Frank Buckland, men of science gifted in the art of writing, were wont to assume the robe and mantle of Prospero when engaged in the exposition of science to the general. They knew that many are the naturalists born of nature, wanting perhaps the accomplishment of science, and for the delight and instruction of such they wrote. Mr. Lloyd Morgan discourses of many familiar subjects, most of which are to the reader's hand, should he go a-field, or to the Zoological Gardens of London, Clifton, Dresden, or Berlin. No one can read his story of the walrus-hunter (p. 124), or the chapter on bats, or the account of the courtship of a stickleback, the dance of the ostrich, or the merry life that spiders enjoy, without feeling a quickened sense of interest in the works of nature. Altogether, this is a charming book about animals, and is well illustrated by Mr. Monkhouse Rowe.

Mr. Thomas Beattie Ross writes of ancient Kaffrarian history in *Pambaniso*, an historical tale (Sampson Low & Co.; Cape Town: Juta & Co.). Pambaniso is a genuine hero, who flourished some thirty or forty years ago, and in every sense well deserving of the honours now awarded him in this historical romance. Mr. Ross introduces his vivid and exciting history of the hero's exploits by the time-honoured device of a prologue very much in the manner of the lamented Mayne Reid:—"Kaffraria! Home of the Kaffir, the proudest of his race! Often has the war cry sounded through thy valleys," &c. These glowing periods prepare the reader for the stirring stories of savage raids and rivalries that follow. If there be any poetic heir to Pringle in Cape Town he should not fail to celebrate in ringing verse the series of single combats of the Kaffrarian braves for the hand of the beautiful Tyumbu, described by Mr. Ross as "a Kaffir tournament."

Of the short story, as it is cultivated in America, we have a good specimen in *Stories for Boys*, by Richard Harding Davis (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.). "The Reporter who made himself King" is the title of this pleasant yarn. It tells of the amusing pranks played by a youthful pressman, who acts as U.S. consul

in the island of Opeka, in conjunction with a representative of the "Yokohama Cable Company." The invention of it is wildly extravagant, yet there is a Tartarinesque flavour in the extravagance. Sailing, football, lawn-tennis, and other games enter into the remaining sketches. They must play lawn-tennis in a very queer fashion in America if it be possible for a spectator of a tournament to place his foot on the boundary line of the court and intentionally trip up the player. But, according to the "Great Tri-Club Tennis Tournament," odd notions of fair play do prevail in the U.S.A. with regard to such contests.

Mr. Henry B. Fuller's impressions of Italy—*The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.)—are of the kind that should stir responsive thrills in the breast of the sentimental traveller whose tastes tend to art and archaeology, and Aldine imprints, and all things that the "heavy official foot" of modern and united Italy has not trampled upon. The author's descriptive art is pleasantly revealed in these sketches, though the persons introduced in a somewhat discursive narrative are closely veiled and make a vague show. The Prorege of Arcopia, the Duke of Avon, the agreeable Contessa, Pensieri-Vani himself, are mysterious, possibly illustrious Incogniti. But most of us have met Occident, the young untravelled American.

Charles Lamb's *Dramatic Essays* (Chatto & Windus), a recent addition to the neat, well-printed series styled "My Library," is edited by Mr. Brander Matthews, who claims for the gentle Elia a foremost place in the ranks of American humourists. He enrolls Lamb in the company captained by B. Franklin. But Mr. Brander Matthews proceeds to allay our apprehensions. He has not discovered new essays of Elia of a pronounced American type, such as prophecy of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. He explains himself away very successfully. After all, it is greatly to their credit that "the Americans loved Lamb early," and it is undeniable that Lamb "had parts not unworthy of American adoption." As to "Mr. H.," we entirely agree with Mr. Matthews that it was a pity Elliston did not repeat the farce, as it is "not at all a bad farce," and the Americans in New York and Philadelphia showed excellent judgment in their reception of it.

Mr. Kirk Munroe's *Prince Dusty* (Putnam's Sons) is a story descriptive of the oil regions of Pennsylvania and of the adventures of a small boy and an old negro, the exciting incidents of which comprise boring for oil and the desperate expedient known as "shooting a duster."

Two Sailor Lads, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Shaw & Co.), is a sea story that may be said to be big with wonders. There is, for example, a dreadful octopus, or kraken, or sea-devil—it is all one with the author—who terrifies a peaceable party of wrecked folk on a desert island by making journeys ashore in the dark, sometimes assuming the appearance of a gigantic man, sometimes that of a huge wheel. His favourite haunt was a grove of pandanus trees, though why he should make them a retreat we do not know. There never was heard of such blameless mariners as these shipwrecked people. There comes a brig on the rocks one day, with rum in abundance, but "no one evinced the slightest inclination to take a single bottle ashore." But the whole story is absurdly unreal in sentiment and incident.

Mr. J. E. Corbière's *Scarlet and Buff* (Biggs & Co.) deals with the stirring times of Cavalier and Roundhead, and the fortunes of the city of Winchester during the war of the Rebellion. The story is briskly told, and abounds in well-varied adventures.

In the new reissue of the Aldine Poets the Rev. J. Mitford's *Milton* in three volumes is replaced by *The Poetical Works of John Milton*, edited by John Bradshaw, LL.D. (Bell & Sons), in two volumes, with an excellent portrait after Faithorn's engraving. Dr. Bradshaw's chief aim is to give an accurate text of the poems. Another good feature of this edition is the chronological sequence observed in the text, and the volumes are unencumbered with memoir and notes.

To the charming series of pocket volumes known as "Knickerbocker Nuggets," Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole contributes *Stories from the Arabian Nights* (Putnam's Sons), a capital selection from Lane's version, with certain additional translations, such as the story of Aladdin, by the editor.

The Royal Navy List (Witherby & Co.), for the present quarter, issued January 1892, comprises substantial additions to the record of war and other meritorious services, among which we note the names and services of officers engaged in the Soudan and in Egypt, together with complete seniority lists of officers on the active, retired, or reserved lists of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, descriptive catalogue of ships in course of building, and other matters of public interest. Every section of this admirable compilation reveals the careful supervision that so important and complex a work requires.

We have also received *The Constitutional Year-Book* for 1892, a compact and handy guide (Blackwood & Sons); the *Official Catalogue* of the Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace, with Key-plans of the Exhibition and introductory Articles, edited by Mr. H. J. Dowling; a new edition of Mark Lemon's *Jest-Book*, "G. T." series (Macmillan & Co.); *My Childhood in Australia*, by Mrs. F. Hughes (Digby & Long); *A Knight without Spurs*, by Mrs. James Martin (Shaw & Co.); *Two Silver Keys*, by Maggie Symington (Biggs & Co.); *Nutford Place Sermons*, by Bradley H. Alford (Stott); *A Thorny Way*, by Mary Bradford

(2) *Les prophètes d'Israël*. Par James Darmesteter. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Whiting (Nelson); *Heroes of Modern Days*, by Mrs. Herbert Percival (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Five Weapons of the Christian Soldier* (Skeffington), being Addresses for Lent, by S. Harvey Gem, on Lorenzo Scupoli's "Spiritual Combat"; and *Studies of the Spiritual Life*, Mission addresses by W. St. Hill Bourne (Skeffington).

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India Forest Service, July, 1891.—The only three pupils sent up were successful. Candidates have also passed from the Special Army Class into Woolwich and Sandhurst. All particulars at Garrick Chambers, Garrick Street, London.

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